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LOS ANGELES

VIRGIL.

Stay, Stay your steps, and listen to my vows.
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!
Aneis Book VI.

Painted by R. Thomson R.A. *Engraved*

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XLVII.

CONTAINING

THE SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF
DRYDEN'S VERSION OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
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1818.

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BY JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

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THE ÆNEIS.

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ÆNEIS.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out hts design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sisier's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing would prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen:
The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her Sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:

'My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
My labouring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind:
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first—
To this one error I might yield again:
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me through the dark abyss descend—
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows, shall ever have;
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave.'
She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
'O dearer than the vital air I breathe!
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,

Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land, which heaven bestows,
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound:
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On every altar sacrifice renew:

A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's power (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys),
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer she with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart?
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.
  Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wandering guest:
Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.

He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.
  Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when every guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
  Meantime the rising towers are at a stand:
No labours exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know:
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem'd to threat
the sky.
  But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
'High praises, endless honours, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!
Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd.

Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.'
Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descried,
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores) thus artfully replied:
'Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession, join.
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind:—my wishes are your own.'
'Mine (said imperial Juno) be the care:—
Time urges now:—to perfect this affair,
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the shady woods, for silvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord,

I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.'
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state,
For the slow queen, in ante-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser, in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand,
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flower'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:

Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose:
A golden fillet binds his awful brows:
His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain-goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase, in open view, maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime, the gathering clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.
The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
The common cavern in her bosom hides.

Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time, arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honour could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and every moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong;
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;
And round with listening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day, from lofty towers her head she shews,
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous news;
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, 'lost to honour and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame, and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.'
  The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to king Iarbas' court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
  He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his sire divine:
'Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?

Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wandering woman builds within our state
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage—(and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough);
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!'
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty Thunderer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius; and the god attends;
By whom this menacing command he sends:
'Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, given by Fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with prayers; nor promis'd such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;

Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name?
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more
From his long lingering on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,
And for his race to gain the' Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.'
  Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies—
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, resting thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,

Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands,
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wore;
A sword, with glittering gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—'Degenerate man!
Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear,
Forgetful of thy own?—All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heaven above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:—
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom the' Ausonian sceptre, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate.'
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear:
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.

Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
The' offended lover and the powerful queen?
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting, to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
'Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race!
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?

Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.'
Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:—
'Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?

As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Defrauded of his fate and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd—
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
(The sender and the sent I both attest):
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command:
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.'
  Thus while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
'False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a listening ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason: yet no thunder flies;
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes:
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;

With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main!
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below.'
Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd—
Though much he mourn'd, and labour'd with his love—
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;

Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well-caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On every side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
To' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To prayers and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
'Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvass, and their anchors weigh,
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.

Could I have thought this threatening blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny:
With yon perfidious man your interest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his favourite: you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
Why should he then reject a suit so just?
Whom does he shun? and whither would he fly?
Can he this last, this only prayer deny?
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.'
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain:
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart, nor prayers nor threatenings [move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from every quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and even her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.

Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright:
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd:
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigour in her eyes appears.)
'Rejoice! (she said.) Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
The' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She, poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep:

She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require.'
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears.
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret funeral, in these rites design'd:
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath;
And every baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.

Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,
Robbing the mother's love.—The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds; and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and parti-colour'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labours of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
'What shall I do? what succour can I find?
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
And take my turn to court and be denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire, [Tyre?
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:

'Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.'
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay;
'Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred power! what power soe'er thou art,
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands.'
He said; and drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.

With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.
  Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,
When, from a tower, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
'And shall the' ungrateful traitor go (she said),
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from every street,
To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal—strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait!
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;

At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fallen upon the pile, to mend the funeral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses, and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
The' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in the' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!—
These are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,

Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!'
  This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead),
'Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all the' atoning offerings, bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops: then let her come; and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.'
  The nurse moves onward with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace:
Ghastly she gaz'd; with pain she drew her breath;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
  Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind:
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd.)
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,

She paus'd, and, with a sigh, the robes embrac'd,
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
'Dear pledges of my love while heaven so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?'
Then kiss'd the couch: and 'Must I die, (she said)
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple died:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumour spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Her sister hears: and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
'Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd (said she),
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come:
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water! bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath.'
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd,
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting, thrice fell groveling on the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she died, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,

And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colours from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, 'I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to the' infernal gods I bear.'
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas, setting sail from Afric, is driven by a storm on the coast of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts the watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;
Then casting back his eyes, with dire amaze
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.

The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd.
He knew the stormy souls of womankind;
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw,
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd—the threatening of a storm:
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud,
'What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind.'
The frighted crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief, 'Not heaven, (said he)
Though Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.
Mark, how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies;
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way.
'Tis Fate diverts our course; and Fate we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores
In safety we may reach with struggling oars.'
Æneas then replied: 'Too sure I find,
We strive in vain against the seas and wind:

Now shift your sails: what place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?'
The course resolv'd, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.
  Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran, with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Crinisus, a Sicilian flood.
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.
  Now, when the following morn had chas'd away
The flying stars, and light restor'd the day,
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
'Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race!
The sun, revolving through the' ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year—
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though banish'd to Gætulia's barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
But, since this happy storm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)

Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchises and his bless'd remains;
Let us with joy perform his honours due, [new—
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to re-
Pray, that, in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known;
And yearly games may spread the god's renown.
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on every ship the king bestows:
His gods and ours shall spare your equal vows.
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery race:
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend:
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd;
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd.'
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
Æneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,
To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.

With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd,
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
'Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!
The gods permitted not, that you with me
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
Or Tyber's flood, what flood soe'er it be.'
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His hugy bulk on seven high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wonderous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd,
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulchre.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew;
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
New generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
With rosy lustre of the rising light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.
And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel-wreaths, and palm—the victor's grace:
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims;
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which rising like a towering city stands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergestus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place;
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood;
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock: the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.

To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:
They gripe their oars; and every panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start, advancing in a line:
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot-race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace:
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.
Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast;
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival vessels row;
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main:
But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot—'Stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand!
Let others bear to sea.'—Menœtes heard;
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he steer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again:
Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.'
He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.
He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got before:—
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage), and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm; his fellows cheer'd;
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.
Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,

Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laught,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place:
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;
Then on the deck, amidst his mates, appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd:
'My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this our common interest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Though yet—but, ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race!—
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.'
Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath them sinks; their labouring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success:—
Sergestus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up the' unwieldy Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.

The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds,
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass, on the roomy sea.
As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;
The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;
And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.
Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practises to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:
The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains:—
Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude arise;
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies:
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through the skies.
These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—
For they can conquer who believe they can.—

Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies;
(And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize)
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succour from the watery powers demands:
'Gods of the liquid realms on which I row!
If, given by you, the laurel bind my brow,
(Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain:
His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,
Your grateful gift and my return shall own.'
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on and sped the galley to the land.
Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.
The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head;
And three fat steers are to his vessel led—
The ship's reward—with generous wine beside,
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest,
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needle-work its happy cost bestows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart:
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.

In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.
  Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shar'd—
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,
In single combat on the Trojan shore.
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
But yet so ponderous with its plates of gold,
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain:
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursued, and lightly seiz'd, the Trojan train.
The third, succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd,
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.
  Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Segestus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore:
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground—
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;
But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails.

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd the' unhappy chief to recompense:
Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theatre, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a silvan throne the leader sate;
A numerous train attend in solemn state.
Here those, that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.
The rival runners without order stand;
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears—
Euryalus, a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—
Nisus, for friendship to the youth, renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place;
(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius, his from Acarnanian earth);
Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes
(Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,
And owning old Acestes for their head),
With several others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
In words which general approbation gain'd:—

'One common largess is for all design'd,
(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd):
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnossian wood,
A silver-studded axe, alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive-wreaths decreed:
The first of these obtains a stately steed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
The third this Grecian helmet shall content.'
He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts the' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but, though the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came Salius; and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,
Step after step, and almost side by side,
His shoulders pressing—and, in longer space,
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.
Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove the' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:
So Salius lay extended on the plain:
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd:—applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
  But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: 'Let no disputes arise:
Where Fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend.'
He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives:
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
'If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due
(He said), and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried;
Would Fortune for my fall so well provide!'

With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.
The' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This given to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the prince bespeaks the' attentive crowd:
'If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief:
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.'
Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield;
And loud applauses echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;
The same, at Hector's funerals, undertook
Gigantic Butes, of the' Amycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he shows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals, in whistling air, his empty blows.

His match is sought; but, through the trembling band,
Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence,
And, having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:—
'If none my matchless valour dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.'
The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
  Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:—
'Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun for fear the danger of the fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?
Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?'
Entellus, thus:—'My soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
Oh! could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain!
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.'
He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view—

Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheath his hands with, in the listed field.
With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull-hides: the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder (said Entellus) been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd the' Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood was warm,
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my [head.
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Æneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight;
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.'
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn, he stands,
A goodly towering object on the sands.
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;

Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews, and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes—
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all the' approaches with observing eyes;
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breast,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.

So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots. The differing nations rise;
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.
Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise
The fallen companion of his youthful days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd:
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury, burn'd.
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast;
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain;
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
'What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods (said he),
To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have given his arm superior force to thine.
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.'
The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
'O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know,
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe.'
Sternly he spoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
Then thus: 'In Dares' stead I offer this.
Eryx! accept a nobler sacrifice:
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield:
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.'
This done, Æneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers, with contending bows.
The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names: the lots are drawn;
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon:
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.

Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows;
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands:
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove,
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord,
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invok'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames, ascending, drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.

The Dardan prince put on a smiling face
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then honouring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
'The gods (said he) this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give.'
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whose arrow pierc'd the mast.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: 'With speed Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horse-back let him grace his grandsire's day,
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.'
He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers, in a line:
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory [shine.
Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.

Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led—a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was the' unhappy king of Troy;
(His race in after-times was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name)—
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before;
And on his front a snowy star he bore.
Then beauteous Atys, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place [1],
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius, on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.
The' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial train,
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at the' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds: the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.
Again they close, and once again disjoin:
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line,

[1] Dr. Carey read *grace*.

They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts afar,
With harmless rage, and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the watery race.
This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Show'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art:
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
  Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate:
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below;
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gathering crowd; and, gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.

The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan:
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
'Alas! (said one) what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labours to sustain!'
All take the word, and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heavenly limbs restrains.
In face and shape, old Beroë she became,
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
'O wretched we! whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we! reserv'd by cruel Fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now seven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsperous voyage we begun;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to [lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wandering in exile, through the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simoïs view?
Haste! join with me! the' unhappy fleet consume!
Cassandra bids: and I declare her doom.

In sleep I saw her; she supplied my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
'With these (said she) these wandering ships destroy:
'These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'
Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:
Slack not the good presage, while heaven inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands.'
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.
Rapt in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,
'No Beroë this, though she belies her face!
What terrors from her frowning front arise!
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are seen!
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain.'
She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud: they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars: firs and flaming brands,
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,
And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.

The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.
Ascanius took the' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:
'What madness moves you, matrons! to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius!'—While he said,
He drew his glittering helmet from his head,
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.
Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the smouldering tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.

Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails;
Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.
The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.
'O Jove! (he cried) if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below.'
Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise.
From pole to pole, the forky lightning flies:
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain:
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was foreshown—
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd—
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words relief'd his labouring mind:

'O goddess-born! resign'd in every state,
With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.
By suffering well, our fortune we subdue;
Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind:
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain—
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all the dastard crew who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land.
Here you may build a common town for all,
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.'
The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd, his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when, to his slumbering eyes,
His father's shade descended from the skies;
And thus he spoke: 'O, more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear even after death!
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd!
The king of heaven employs my careful ghost
On his commands—the god who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and women leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern Italians will their courage try:
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the bless'd below:

For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now farewell! I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light.'
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
'Whither so fast? (the filial duty cried)
And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace denied?'
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.
Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the god's intent,
With his own purpose.—All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires, obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier. The brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the plough:
The lots their several tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king ascends the throne with joy:
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.

Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god:
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd;
And groves are planted round his bless'd abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas:
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.
Now loud laments along the shores resound,
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage, and the promis'd war:
Whom good Æneas cheers; and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his halsers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise: with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.
Meantime the mother-goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
'The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice, which no sufferings can assuage,
Compel me to these prayers; since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
E'en Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.

As if 'twere little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore the imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, e'en to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,
And forc'd Æneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.
For what remains, your godhead I implore,
And trust my son to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land.'
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
'What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus! and thee, Simoïs! I attest—
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea [way)
(New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;

I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight—
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess! fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:
Their lives are given: one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.'

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides:
Its axles thunder; and the sea subsides;
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.
The marshal'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better side
Inclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
A-head of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky;
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie;
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.

Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
'The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.'
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
'Me dost thou bid to trust the treacherous deep,
The harlot-smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?'
He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep;
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw [dew:
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian
The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length;
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;
And, o'er the dangerous deep, secure the navy flies;
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,

And white with bones. The' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
'For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie.'

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy the' Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.
Thus while their several charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill

Where Phœbus is ador'd; and seeks the shade,
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame,
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and (offerings to his ghost)
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to these the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in tears;
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen;
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—
The lower part a beast, a man above—
The monument of their polluted love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wonderous maze,
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found, but by the faithful clue;
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief,

And all those erring paths describ'd so well,
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the rest——Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame,
The priestess of the god, Deïphobe her name.
'Time suffers not, (she said) to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures: haste the sacrifice.
Seven bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phœbus choose,
And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.'
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farmost part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art,
Through the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,
'This is the time! inquire your destinies!
He comes! behold the god!' Thus while she said
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),
Her colour chang'd; her face was not the same;
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breast.
Greater than human kind she seem'd to look,
And, with an accent more than mortal, spoke.

Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke,
'Why this delay? (she cried)—the powers invoke.
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.'
She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
'Indulgent god! propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy!
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part!
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commands,
Through ambient seas and through devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought the' Ausonian ground:
And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wandering race.
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance end:
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
The' event of things in dark futurity!
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state;
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land:
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,

Preserv'd in shrines: and every sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers, ordain, relate.'
  Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and, without controul,
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
'Escap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast, so long desir'd, (nor doubt the' event)
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simoïs nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
Driven to solicit aid at every court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.

The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown, [town.'
From—whence thou least shalt hope—a Grecian
Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke;
And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.
The' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express'd;
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the rest.
At length her fury fell; her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas'd.
Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new.
Inur'd to suffer, and resolv'd to dare, [care.
The Fates, without my power, shall be without my
This let me crave; since near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron surrounds, the' innavigable flood—
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's sight.
For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.
He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
And wrath of heaven (my still auspicious guide),
And bore, beyond the strength decrepit age supplied.
Oft, since he breath'd his last, in dead of night,
His reverend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade—
Conducted there by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the son.

Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below;—
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend?—
Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my descent the same.'
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
'O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line!
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—
In this the task and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: the' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass the' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove

Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies.
The first thus rent, a second will arise;
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
The' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day.'
She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant;
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd,
What friend the priestess by those words design'd.

But soon they found an object to deplore:
Misenus lay extended on the shore—
Son of the god of winds:—none so renown'd,
The warrior trampet in the field to sound,
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.
He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He chose Æneas; and he chose as well.
Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea-gods from the shore.
With envy, Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand.—
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep; but most Æneas mourns his fate;
And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd
(The shady covert of the savage kind),
The Trojans found: the sounding axe is plied:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke;
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the queen of love:

'O! may thy power, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.'
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
'Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground.
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,
In this distress, be present to my prayer.'
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
They fed, and, fluttering, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place; but still in view:
Hopping and flying thus they led him on
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench to shun,
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow;
As on the sacred oak, the wintery misletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
Such was the glittering; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold,

Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.
First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmost part his glittering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint;
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away:
(Such reverent rites their fathers us'd to pay.)
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour:
Then on the living coals, red wine they pour;
And, last, the reliques by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round; and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.
  But good Æneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
  These rites perform'd, the prince without delay
Hastes, to the nether world, his destin'd way.

Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here the' access a gloomy grove defends;
And here the' innavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
Invoking Hecat hither to repair—
A powerful name in hell and upper air.
The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Æneas offers; and, by Fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended, till the next returning sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecat came.—' Far hence be souls profane!
(The Sibyl cried)—and from the grove abstain!

Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford:
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.'
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space:
The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.
  Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night!
Ye gliding ghosts! permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
  Obscure they went through dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes,
  Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep
(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes,
Full in the midst of this infernal road,
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head;
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;

Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Though seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were—
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire;
He spreads his canvass; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were seen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their father's eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands—
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands,
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.

The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant?
Why to the shore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd?
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd!
'Son of Anchises? offspring of the gods!
(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are the' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchres and funeral due:
The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.'
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.
Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen shadow knew.

Then thus the prince: 'What envious power, O friend!
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone, my faith betray'd.
The god foretold you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, the' Italian shore.
Is this the' unerring power?'—The ghost replied:
'Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But, while the stars and course of heaven I keep,
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave, my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore.
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood the' unhospitable coast:
And now by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:
Which, O! avert, by yon ethereal light,
Which I have lost for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,

Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows
(Without whose aid, you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.'
Scarce had he said; the prophetess began:
'What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd to cross the floods,
To view the Furies and infernal gods,
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears [2].
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue the' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.'
This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
Observ'd their passage through the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
'Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread! I charge thee, stand,
And tell thy name, and business in the land.

[2] Dr. Carey reads prayers.

Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore :
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er :
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear
(Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear),
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame ;
And from the' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied,
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side :
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.'
To whom the Sibyl thus : ' Compose thy mind :
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train ;
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail, at least'—
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
No more was needful : for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod ;
Admir'd the destin'd offering to his queen—
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land :
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command :
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight ;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides :
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to rear.
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took the' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their souls away—
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance, now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air:
But Fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And, with nine circling streams, the captive souls inclose.

Not far from hence the Mournful Fields appear,
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light),
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause?—By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by Fate—
These gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Through the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!'

In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
With tears and prayers, and late-repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
She fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
And, what he says and swears, regards no more
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;
Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
Then took the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the further fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.
Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train,
All much lamented, all in battle slain—
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend:
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What business brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady plain,

Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes:
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.
Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: 'O Teucer's race!
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that, in our last and fatal night,
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,
Design'd for burial in your native ground.'
The ghost replied: 'Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wandering shade:
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love—
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night, that was by heaven decreed our last.

For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd the' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.—
Avenging powers! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you heaven's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
To view, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of the' infernal seats.'

While thus, in talk, the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which heaven had lent:
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
'Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day;

'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides:
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides:
The left to that unhappy region tends
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends—
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.'
Then thus Deïphobus: 'O sacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd.
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.'
He said: and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.
The hero, looking on the left, espied
A lofty tower and strong on every side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, press'd betwixt the rocks the bellowing noise resounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high,
With adamantine columns, threats the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain,
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide, from whence those yells arise;
And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: 'The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecat, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of the' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.
Then, of itself, unfolds the' eternal door:
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies,
And twice as deep, as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within the' unfathom'd space.
Here lie the' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thunderer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound

Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew:
The' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the king of heaven, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon struck.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heaven, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A ravenous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast:
The growing liver still supplied the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
The' immortal hunger lasts, the' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithoüs I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at every blast.
They lie below on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths the' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.

Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold—
Who dare not give, and e'en refuse to lend,
To their poor kindred or a wanting friend—
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adultery slain—
Hosts of deserters, who their honour sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor further seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty stone; some, laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels
are hung.
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by Fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise),
'Learn righteousness, and dread the' avenging
deities.'
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd,
attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.

But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view,
The gate, and iron arch above:—it stands—
On anvils labour'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough.'
She said: and through the gloomy shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path.—Arriv'd at last,
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.
The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,
With æther vested, and a purple sky—
The blissful seats of happy souls below:
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And, on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:
Others in artful measures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at once
they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.

The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting-fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god:
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts;
Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend,
And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest—
(Towering his height, and ample was his breast)—
'Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter [lake?'
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
'In no fix'd place the happy souls reside,
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end.'
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shows them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—
Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,
For future being and new bodies wait—
With studious thought observ'd the illustrious throng,
In Nature's order as they pass'd along—
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates, and successful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
'Welcome, (he said) the gods' undoubted race!
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times, I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd,
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast!
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.'
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
'Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!'
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A separate grove: through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through
the trees:
And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Æneas wondering stood, then ask'd the cause,
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: 'The souls that throng the flood
Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other bodies ow'd:
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.'—
'O father! can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?'
Anchises, then in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son: [frame;
'Know first, that heaven, and earth's compacted
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
The' ethereal vigour is in all the same ;
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame—
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay
Of mortal members subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy : nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind :
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains ;
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear ;
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd ;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear :
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.
Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away, of each committed crime ;
No speck is left of their habitual stains ;
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past
(So long their punishments and penance last),
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labours and their irksome years,

That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.'
Thus having said, the father-spirit leads
The priestess and his son through swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
'Survey (pursued the sire) this airy throng,
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along.
These are the' Italian names, which Fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward on a shining spear:
Silvius is he, thy last-begotton race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a shady wood,
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget;—
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Silvius after these appears—
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—
For arms and justice equally renown'd;
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look; how vigorously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian towers on rocky ground.

All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without a [name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himself to godhead born,
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks his seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
High as the mother of the gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race,
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd:
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,
Her offspring all; and all command the sky.
Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, [power.
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd
But next behold the youth of form divine—
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his power obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.

At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's [fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?—
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears?
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds,
He shall his troops for fighting-fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, the' avenging sword
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods and axe severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you see in equal armour shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;

Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestor's disgrace,
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease to' admire
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mould the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:—
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.' [view'd
He paus'd—and, while with wondering eyes they
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
'See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;

Then to the Capitol in triumph move;
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.'
Æneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glittering armour shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace:
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's [side?
'His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hovering mists around his brows are spread;
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.
'Seek not to know (the ghost replied with tears)
The sorrows of thy sons in future years,
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What funeral pomp shall floating Tyber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boast,
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting-field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow:
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!'
Thus having said, he led the hero round
The confines of the bless'd Elysian ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state;
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
True visions through transparent horn arise:
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, through the gate of ivory he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor:
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night;
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright;
And the sea trembled with her silver light.

Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the sun),
A dangerous coast!—The goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour),
With words and wicked herbs, from humankind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon the' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.
Supplied with these they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.
Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer through the skies,
When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror, stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled: and with downward force

That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or bask'd upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command: the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the main.
  Now, Erato! thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:
Declare the past and present state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate,
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.
  Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:
His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:

His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate :
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen :
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand :
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.
  Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood ;
Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd :
And last, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy !)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight)
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight ;
There, with their clasping feet, together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesied from hence :
' Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince !
From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,
To the same parts on earth : his army lands ;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.'
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
(Strange to relate !) the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,

Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire:
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,
Then, pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
'The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state.
Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's sulphurous fountain lie.
To those the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd; and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:
A swarm of thin aërial shapes appears,
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears.
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From powers above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:
'Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon the shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.

His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.'
These answers, in the silent night receiv'd,
The king himself divulg'd, the land believ'd:
The fame through all the neighbouring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.
Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sate; and (not without the god's command)
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observ'd, and, smiling, said,
'See! we devour the plates on which we fed.'
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies—
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes):
"All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!
Behold the destin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
'When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
By famine forc'd, your trenchers you shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labours of your voyage end.
Remember on that happy coast to build;
And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.'
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is bless'd,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught:
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."
Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heavenly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother-queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud. [aloud;
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,
The time was come their city to renew.
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd;
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to several parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts, and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs
(The spacious palace where their prince resides),
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.

They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.
  Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty towers survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory;
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sovereign power:
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer;
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood—

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high:
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a short pruning-hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his generous wines;
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd; a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering pie.
In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began:
'Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own;
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by stress of weather cast aground?
(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,
And oft befal to miserable men);

Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.
I call to mind, (but time the tale has worn)
The' Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Corythum he claim'd his birth:
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice.'
He said.—Ilioneus made this reply:
'O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.

From that dire deluge, through the watery waste
(Such length of years, such various perils past),
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare—
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear—
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ:
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,
In full assemblies, and in solemn games:
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan dames.'
Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.

Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the sceptre mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pondering future things of wondrous weight—
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed:
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:
'The powers, (said he) the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury!
Have what you ask: your presents I receive:
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave:
Partake and use my kingdom as your own:
All shall be yours, while I command the crown.
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring:
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear:
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of the' Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.'

He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heavenly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produced on earth,
Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends;
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
The' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul; and thus she said:
'O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But, slain, revive, and, taken, 'scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Through fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutted spleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,
I through the seas pursued their exil'd race;
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the stormy main:
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms of Juno's hate!
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon—
(What great offence had either people done?)
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succour from without?
If Jove and heaven my just desires deny,
Hell shall the power of heaven and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought.
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!

Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land!
A second Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame.'
Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from the' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
E'en Pluto hates his own mis-shapen race;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:—
'O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain
My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.'
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood:

And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight;
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes:
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,
And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere the' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband: 'Shall (she said)
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest, before
In show of friendship sought the Spartan shore,
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.

Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.'
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at every stroke:
Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along, [ways,
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
'Evoë! O Bacchus!' thus began the song;
And 'Evoë!' answer'd all the female throng.

'O virgin worthy thee alone!' she cried;
'O worthy thee alone!' the crew replied.
'For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.'
Like fury seiz'd the rest: the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine,
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song:
'Iö! ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, (she said) who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.'
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,
Driven by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.

Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried
The foulness of the' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man.
'Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting-fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought!
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!
Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease!
This dream all-powerful Juno sends: I bear
Her mighty mandates; and her words you hear.
Haste! arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie
In Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latin king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget—
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.

For such is heaven's command.'—The youthful prince
With scorn replied, and made this bold defence.
'You tell me, mother, what I knew before,
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
I neither fear nor will provoke the war:
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.
Go! be the temple and the gods your care:
Permit to men the thought of peace and war.'
These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke:
And frighted Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return:
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, lingering, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes:
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks;
'Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.'
Thus having said, her smouldering torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.
'Arms! arms! (he cries) my sword and shield prepare!'
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:

Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
  The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threatening embassy; then rais'd the rest,
To meet in arms the' intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok'd, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame engage.
  While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting-match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause, the' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.
  The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare

To hang his budding horns, with ribands tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bath'd his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius, young and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foster-father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.

And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at the' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;

A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidst the madness of the' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks: 'Behold! 'tis done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood;
Speak, and my power shall add this office more:
The neighbouring nations of the' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.'
Then Juno thus: 'The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:
Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall the' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me.' Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):

Below the lofty mounts on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the centre of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the Fury flies; [skies.
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring
Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpse of Almon, and the rest, are shown:
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's interest in the land),
Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves—

Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides
Wash off the sea-weeds, and the sounding tides—
So stood the pious prince unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offence,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.
'Hurried by fate, (he cries) and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore!
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.'
He said no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd;
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.
A solemn custom was observ'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship'd with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,

Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office: but the king refus'd,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose the' imprison'd war;
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.
The peaceful cities of the' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.
Part scour their rusty shields with seam; and part
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart;
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms—the' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;

The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honours of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.
The word is given; with eager speed they lace
The shining head-piece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariots tied;
The trusty weapon sits on every side.
And, now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the Ausonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command;
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heaven. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led;
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield;

A hundred serpents hiss about the brims ;
The son of Hercules he justly seems,
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—
Of heavenly part, and part, of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds ; and, thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tyber's flowery banks they fed.
Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms, his men long piles and javelins bore ;
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself, his son appears
In savage pomp : a lion's hide he wears ;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin ;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name),
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear :
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front appear,
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight ;
They rush along, the rattling woods give way ;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.
Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber :
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains,

His own Præneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.
  Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where lake Ciminius springs;
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their watery pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.
  Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,

The Claudian race ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of Imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all the' Eretian powers; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintery rain,
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around:
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid,
A thousand men the youthful hero led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants.

Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear,
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.
  Nor, Œbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Sebethis and old Telon sprung.
Who then in Teloboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle the' ambitious youth disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.
  Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Æquiculæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepar'd:
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.
  Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate the' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.

The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed:
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes the' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æsculapian herbs his life restor'd:
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,
The' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in the' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art; and warrior steeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd;
The more the kindled combat rises higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire,

Fair Iö grac'd his shield; but Iö now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied:
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clattering shields;
Of Argive, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.
Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wondering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;

Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

When Turnus had assembled all his powers,
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers,
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare
To join the allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These through the country took their wasteful [course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.

Then Venelus to Diomede they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
'Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate:
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest was involv'd in theirs.'
While Turnus and the allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in every part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart;
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side.
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood.
Arose the father of the Roman flood;

An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
'Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place!
Who, through the foes, hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes—
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
The' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young,
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,
Driven with Evander from the' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls:
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay;

With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.'
He said; and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tyber's flood, and thus the powers bespoke:
'Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And father Tyber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery stores—where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,
Shalt share my morning song, and evening vows.
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.'
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—
Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.

Æneas takes the mother and her brood;
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.
The following night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood,
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course;
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the green-wood shades, and cut the liquid [glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising towers,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bowers,
Thin as they stood, which then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'Twas on a solemn day: the' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.
But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left the' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest

To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A javelin seiz'd, and singly took his way,
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far,
'Resolve me, strangers, whence and what you are;
Your business here, and bring you peace or war?'
High on the stern Æneas took his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: 'The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made—
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: the Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies: 'Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend,
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend.'
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
'Best of the Greeks! to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand—
Undaunted I approach you, though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim:
Yet my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, less by need than choice,
Our father Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:

Electra from the loins of Atlas came—
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours the' Arcadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what further force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their power athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine:
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare,'
He said: and, while he spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise—
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face;
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
'O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine!
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And through the' Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight;
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join, in friendship's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnossian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
Now celebrate, with us, this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feast, and take your seat,
With friendly welcome at a homely treat.'
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide, for ornament, they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued chine.
But, when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:

'These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labours of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky;
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie:
Such undigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot: and like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god.
The' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:—
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's banks, to graze the shady grove:
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine, convey'd.
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.
Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture, and untrodden grass.

The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings; and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, the' aërial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body: on his back the door he drew—
(The door a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):
He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain:
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood

Averse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heaven echoed at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it choak'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide:
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread;
And trembling Tyber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapours, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A sounding flaw succeeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate behold the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse the' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
Gathering, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound;

Then, from their sockets, tore his burning eyes :
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day :
And thorough lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad surprise,
Beheld his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows :
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,
Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown :
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood ;
And with deep draughts invoke our common god.'
This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd ;
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening-star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led ;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands ;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and 'cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound—

One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burden of the song.
The lay records the labours, and the praise,
And all the' immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
The' Œchalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate.
'Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,
And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
The' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god! no face of danger could affright:
Not huge Typhöeus, nor the' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heaven and the great author of thy race;
Receive the grateful offerings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!'
In numbers thus they sung: above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound;
The vales to hills! and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey;
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.

The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still with new surprise;
With greedy joy inquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
'These woods were first the seat of silvan powers,
Of nymphs and Fauns, and savage men who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase: the running flood
Supplied their thirst; the trees supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.
With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
The' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tyber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driven from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's
command.'

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and show'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold the' Ænean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place;—
Then shows the forests, which, in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A sacred refuge made;—with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine;—
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely [reeds.
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not [tell—
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
The' Arcadians thought him Jove: and said they saw
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe,
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.
Then saw two heaps of ruins (once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood)
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains;
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall—
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):
Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
'Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.

Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,
Which feasted him: and emulate a god.'
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.

Now Night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid—
And that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
'While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers
To level with the ground the Trojan towers,
I ask'd not aid the' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Though much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and Fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power, that rul'st my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy,'

She said; and strait her arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.
Then thus the power obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
'Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
The' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.'
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms:
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the Night her middle race had rode,
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god—
The time when early housewives leave the bed:
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;—
With yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labour add the night:

Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.
  Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal:
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.
Hither the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast—
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axle-trees, and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.
  'My sons! (said Vulcan) set your tasks aside:
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.

Arms for a hero forge—arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd:
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close.
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns, their arms advance in equal time!
By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply the' Æolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheath his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Æneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a secret seat they choose;
The' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
'Undaunted prince! I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.

Command the' assistance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the succours I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds:
The other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent;
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race?
The living and the dead, at his command,
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The lingering wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more—
The people's patience, tried, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.

By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!
Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people: seek a foreign head.'
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native: but, in you combine
A manly vigour and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,
Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;

Your matchless courage and your conduct view;
And early shall begin to' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—
Though few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own.'
Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heaven serene, refulgent arms appear:
Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,
Æneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd the' event, and joyful view'd, above,
The' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.
Then, to the' Arcadian king: 'This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: the' expected sign
Is given of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:
And corpse, and swords, and shields, on Tyber borne,

Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms.'
He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,
And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. The' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city spreads aloud
The' intended march: amid the fearful crowd,
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises every moment to the sight.
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
'Would Heaven (said he) my strength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;

And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms:
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O! this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms—
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!'
He said, and swooning sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.
The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along:
Last, follows in the rear the' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.

The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around:
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.

A greenwood shade, long for religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Æneas cast his wondering eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shows her heavenly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
'Behold (she said) perform'd, in every part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labour'd art,

Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.'
She said: and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold;
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plaited cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
For there, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the Martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung:
The foster-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks: a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace,

The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand;
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood,
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clœlia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach: the approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair;
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests: long Alpine spears they wield;
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance:
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance

In caps of wool: the targets dropt from heaven.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driven,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen:
Pains of the damn'd; and punish'd Catiline,
Hung on a rock—the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters, flows a golden sea:
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage—
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
  Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.
The' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him—the' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.

It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and justled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown, and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose the' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent:
And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath.
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and scudding through the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and the' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides;
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;
And Morini, the last of human kind.
These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

END OF VOL. III.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, Goswell Street, London.

Behold she said perform'd in every part
My promise made and Vulcan's labor'd art.
Æneas Bk 8.

Painted by H. Thompson R.A. *Engraved by J. Smith A.R.A.*

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THE

WORKS

OF

VIRGIL:

TRANSLATED

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

SEQUITURQUE PATREM NON PASSIBUS ÆQUIS.

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1810.

THE ÆNEIS.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man,
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
'What none of all the gods could grant thy vows—
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!
Æneas, gone to seek the' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence:
And, short of succours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.

Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs;
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.'
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
'Iris, the grace of heaven! what power divine
Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?
See, they divide: immortal day appears,
And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow, to the war, the god that leads the way.'
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain,
Well hors'd, well clad—a rich and shining train.
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus towers above the rest.
Silent they move, majestically slow:
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caïcus from the rampire saw it rise,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:—
'What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your spears,
And pointed darts! the Latian host appears.'

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:
For their wise general, with foresceing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance,
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
'Is there (he said), in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour and his danger share?'
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war;—applauding shouts ensue.
Amaz'd to find a dastard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at every post, and every passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold;
Wet with descending showers, and stiff with cold;
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain
(His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain);
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.

Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
Urg'd by his presence, every soul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scattering sparkles fly:
Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame,
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.
'Tis said, that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandame-goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
'Grant me (she said) the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king.
On Ida's brows, for ages past there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worship'd with religious love.
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb
The floating forests of the sacred pine:
But let it be their safety to be mine.'
Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls
The radiant stars, and heaven and earth controls:
'How dare you, mother, endless date demand,
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?

What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of safety certain, on the' uncertain tide?
Yet, what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine, and plough the watery way,
Like Doto and the daughters of the sea.'
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother-god.
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.
And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great mother of the gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
A light that sign'd the heavens, and shot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:—
'O Trojan race! your needless aid forbear;
And know my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph; forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.'
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When, lo! the' obedient ships their halsers break;

And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast:
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tyber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
'These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards' last relief away;
For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost:
Heaven shuts the seas; and we secure the coast.
There is no more than that small spot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men surround.
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles:
'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas,
And land secure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus, to destroy,
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
Shall such affronts as these, alone, inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
They fell—but will they fall a second time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.

Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war:
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuscans, all the' Arcadians join!
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night,
The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray:
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
Give we the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn shall end the small remains of war.'
The post of honour to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand;
And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs com-
All clad in shining arms the works invest; [mand;
Each, with a radiant helm, and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground:
They laugh—they sing—the jolly bowls go round—
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges, tower to tower:
Thus all things needful for defence abound:
Muestheus and brave Serestus walk the round,
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus, of noble blood:
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend—
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they shar'd;
And now were both by choice upon the guard.
Then Nisus thus: 'Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A generous ardour boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou seest the foe secure; how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires: the most, in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:
The wakeful few the fuming flaggon ply:

All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve —
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand, on thee,
(For fame is recompense enough for me),
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
A way that safely will my passage guide.'
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
'All this, alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms—
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms.
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.'
Then Nisus thus: 'Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears.
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life;
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust),
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance—as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life: I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,

To bear my mangled body from the foe,
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny,
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O! let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When every weary matron stay'd behind.'
To this, Euryalus: 'You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
No more delays! but haste!'—With that, he wakes
The nodding watch: each to his office takes.
The guard relief'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures else forgot their daily care,
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
In nightly council for the' endanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief,
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes;
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard—
The' affair important, not to be defer'd.
Ascanius bids them be conducted in,
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Nisus thus: 'Ye fathers, lend your ears;
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.

The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
And, where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea, a passage we have spied
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between;
And know the winding course, with every ford.'
He ceas'd! and old Alethes took the word:—
'Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race.
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.'
Then into tears of joy the father broke:
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
'Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
The rest our grateful general will bestow,
And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe.'
'And I, whose welfare in my father lies,
(Ascanius adds) by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands:
That and my faith I plight into your hands)—

Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
And, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,
With two great talents of the finest gold:
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,
That, Nisus! and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share;
Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine:
Take full possession: all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend:
My life's companion, and my bosom friend—
My peace shall be committed to thy care;
And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war.'
Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
'Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth:
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain,
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain):—

Of Priam's royal race my mother came—
And sure the best that ever bore the name—
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place—
(Permit me to presume so great a grace);
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.'
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.
Then thus Ascanius, wonder-struck to see
That image of his filial piety:
'So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
Creüsa had, and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it) what, returning here
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.'
He said, and, weeping while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade.
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:

And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.
  Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.
  The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight;
'Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers; and I stand prepar'd:
There lies our way: be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe.'
Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath—
A king and prophet, by king Turnus lov'd:
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels

And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord:
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword;
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play—
More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,
And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys:
But on the' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhœtus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,
But Rhœtus wakeful, and observing all:
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dy'd.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood:
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.
Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
The fires were fainting there, and just alive:
The warrior horses, tied in order, fed.
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
'Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,

Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend :
Here let our glutted execution end.
A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made.'
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties :
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;
Till, by the conquering Ardean troops oppress'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glittering spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits, but suits in vain.
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus sent:
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, through the doubtful shade,
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
' 'Tis not for nought (cried Volscens from the crowd)
These men go there :' then rais'd his voice aloud :

'Stand! stand! why thus in arms? and whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?'
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest; thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn:
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd)
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.
'Ah wretch! (he cried) where have I left behind
The' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take?' Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt! what arms employ,
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush, and lose his life,
With odds oppress'd in such unequal strife!

Resolv'd at length his pointed spear he shook;
And, casting on the moon a mournful look,
'Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night!
Fair queen (he said) direct my dart aright.
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make,
Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
Give me to scatter these.' Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He staggers round: his eyeballs roll in death;
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz'd;—a second jav'lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers through the skies.
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,
Nor knew to fix revenge: 'But thou (he cries
Shalt pay for both,' and at the prisoner flies
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
'Me! me! (he cried) turn all your swords alone
On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!

His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.'
Too late he speaks :—the sword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth : the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd—
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
Volscens he seeks ; on him alone he bends ;
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might :
The' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Pierc'd his wide mouth and through his weazon broke.
Dying, he slew ; and staggering on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain ;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.
O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies !
The conquering party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround ;
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.

All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase at so dear a cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd;
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd,
And his own ardour in their souls inspir'd.
This done—to give new terror to his foes,
The head of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight!
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
In front extended to the left they stood:
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But, casting from their towers a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
Though then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
'Thus, then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!

And could'st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone!
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu, before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains or nightly labour spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And send me thunder-struck to shades below!'
  Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears:
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain;
But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
And heaven, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.
These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.

But, where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow,
Which yet the patient Volcians undergo—
But could not bear the' unequal combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage—
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.
  Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.
  Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design,
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,
What fame the soldiers with the captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war:
For you, in singing martial facts, excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.
  There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd
To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.

To level this, the bold Italians join:
The wary Trojans obviate their design;
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
Shoot through the loopholes, and sharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thundering hand,
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove, the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train:
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound:
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground,
The tower, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'scape;
Sav'd—how, they know not—from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Licymnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war—
(A privilege which none but freemen share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield:
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes;
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.
Emboldened by despair, he stood at bay;

And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—
Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.
  But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war;
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find;
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to [reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind):
'Fool! (said the chief) though fleeter than the wind,
Could'st thou presume to 'scape when I pursue!'
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard: at the tug he falls:
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes sowsing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then rushing onward with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.
  Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.

Two more young Liger and Asylas slew:
(To bend the bow young Liger better knew;
Asylas best the pointed javelin threw).
Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar, and Idas standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:
Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the wound—
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part;
The second shaft came swift and unespied,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side,
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart:
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.
The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glittering armour and a purple vest,
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love)—
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.
Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.
Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe—
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.

Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied:
'Twice conquer'd cowards! now your shame is shown—
Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force?
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd your course?
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war, they know—
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free,
No change in age, or difference in degree.
We plough and till in arms: our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:
The' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain.
E'en time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain—
The body, not the mind—nor can controul
The' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.

Our helms defend the young, disguise the grey;
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female pride,
Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again!
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!
Go! mix'd with eunuchs in the Mother's rites,
(Where with unequal sound the flute invites)
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade.'
This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.
But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
'My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!
An annual offering in thy grove shall bleed,
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
Butts with his threatening brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.'
Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses through the skies.
The steel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.
'Go now, vain boaster! and true valour scorn!
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third return.'

Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
The heavens with shouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud:
'Advance, illustrious youth! increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name—
Offspring of gods thyself: and Rome shall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due; and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name.' He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head:
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight:
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight,
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:
'Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won.
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more.' He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.

Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun:
From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around:
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helms, and shields, and rattling arms, resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the showery Kids arise;
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top—two youths of height and size
Like firs that on their mother mountain rise—
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn,
And, everpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free:
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,
Equicolus, who in bright armour shone,
And Hæmon, first: but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage;
And each on equal terms at length engage.

Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
  Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly the' unhop'd-for news was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits the' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave
(But base-begotten on a Theban slave—
Sarpedon's son), he slew: the deadly dart [heart.
Found passage through his breast, and pierc'd his
Fix'd in the wound the' Italian cornel stood,
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast),
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides the' impetuous force withhold,
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground
(His arms and clattering shield on the vast body
sound).
Not with less ruin than the Baian mole,
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to control—
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies; [arise:
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud,
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:

Typhœus, thrown beneath by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the weight;
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd;
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
To' admit young Turnus, and include the war!
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
His mighty members, and his ample breast,
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
'These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left.'
To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: 'Then begin; and try thy fate:

My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.'
A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around:
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
'But hope not thou, (said Turnus) when I strike,
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god.'
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.
Down sinks the giant with a thundering sound:
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground:
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides;
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push on his fury, to pursue the crowd.
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died:
Then Phalaris is added to his side.
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phegeus flies:
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—
Engag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall:

But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.
At last, though late, by Lynceus he was seen.
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince:
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He joints the neck: and, with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight:
Arms were his business, verses his delight.
  The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Serestus and his troop sustain.
To save the living and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
'O, void of sense and courage! (Mnestheus cried,)
'Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a numerous host?
Forsaking honour and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you shame!'
  This just reproach their virtue does excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
  Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back the field,
And inches to the walls, where Tyber's tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.

The more he loses, they advance the more,
And tread in every step he trod before.
They shout; they bear him back; and whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.
As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane:
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and, unresolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.
But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops supplied,
Come rolling on, and rush from every side:
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice the' exhausted store;
For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,
To force the' invader from the frighted town.
With labour spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield,
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling:
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way, with stony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsified, and round with javelins fill'd.
The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at every pore;
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes:
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.

Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high,
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

THE gates of heaven unfold: Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,
And all the' inferior world. From first to last,
The sovereign senate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus the' almighty sire began: 'Ye gods,
Natives or denizens of bless'd abodes! [mind,
From whence these murmurs, and this change of
This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war, when my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?
What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different sides?

A lawful time of war at length will come
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome;
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissention cease;
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.'
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
'O power immense! eternal energy!
(For to what else protection can we fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?
Even in their lines and trenches they contend:
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears:
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found:
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
Yet, if, with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.

But, if the gods their sure success foretell—
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
To' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above—
An act that well became the wife of Jove!
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind):
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race:
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then father (if I still may use that name),
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown:
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers:
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.

Then Carthage may the' Ausonian towns destroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my son, to 'scape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;
To pass the perils of the seas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach the' Italian shores; if, after all,
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires.
To Simoïs' banks the fugitives restore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes before.'
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
'And must I own (she said) my secret smart—
What with more decence were in silence kept,
And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?
Did god or man your favourite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,
He left his native land for Italy;
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than heaven, inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore.
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice?
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy!
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law!

That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give!
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join:
Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shrowd,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But 'tis my crime—the queen of heaven offends,
If she presume to save her suffering friends!
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say, is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The soft recesses and the sacred bowers.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith the' adulterous youth relied;
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all the' united states of Greece combin'd
To purge the world of the perfidious kind,
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:—
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.'
Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,
Just as they favour or dislike the cause.

So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try,
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.
  Then thus to both replied the' imperial god,
Who shakes heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand,
With reverence listening to the dread command:
The clouds dispel, the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
'Celestials! your attentive ears incline!
Since (said the god) the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line—
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
Tend but to discompose our happy state—
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall:
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
And, if she favours those, let those defend:—
The Fates will find their way.' The thunderer said;
And shook the sacred honours of his head,
Attesting Styx, the' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
Trembled the poles of heaven: and earth confess'd the nod.
This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sovereign through the skies.
  Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:

They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate;
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
The' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.
Thin on the towers they stand; and even those few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius, and Acmon: both the' Assaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymœtes join'd;
Tybris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone:
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,
Or the great father of the' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones, defend.
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd ivory set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.
Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn;
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.

There Capys, author of the Capuan name,
And there was Mnestheus too, increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.
Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief:
His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd!
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd;
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
Then show'd the slippery state of human-kind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
And to his wholesome counsel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.
They soon set sail; nor now the Fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear—
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Æneas sate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft of the stars, and of their watery way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.
Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing,
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.
A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Borne in the Tiger through the foaming sea;

From Clusium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.
Fierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore:
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.
Six hundred Populonia sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;
From offer'd entrails, prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command.
Fair Astur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horse, and painted shield.
Gravisca, noisome from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cære, sent three hundred men,
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensign fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaëton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to sooth his grief.
Heaven heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,

Who heav'd a rock, and, threatening still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.
  Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain—
The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name —
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three several tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each: but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.
  Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore—
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.
Him and his martial train, the Triton bears:
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound:
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows;
A porpoise-tail beneath his belly grows:
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides;
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
  Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.
  Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;

But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;
Her right hand stops the stern: her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
With pleasing words to warn the' unknowing man:
'Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born! awake!
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track,
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea;
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires prophane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),
And since have sought you through the Tuscan main.
The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
The' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for the' ensuing fight;
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft the' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.'

Parting she spoke; and with immortal force
Push'd on the vessel in her watery course;
For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,
The ship flew forward, and outstript the wind.
The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his eyes:
'Hear thou, great Mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill,
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.'
He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of the' ensuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp encompass'd, and the' inclosing foe.
His blazing shield, embrac'd, he held on high:
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they [throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,

And dart diffusive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights, [frights.
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
'What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune sends—
In ardent arms to meet the' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day: you need but only dare:
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your sires, your sons, your houses and your lands
And dearest wives, are all within your hands:
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.
Now take the time, while staggering yet they stand
With feet unfirm: and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold.'—No more he said,
But balanc'd, whom to leave, and whom to lead;
Then these elects the landing to prevent,
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.
Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And, while no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave command:
'Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:

Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land—I ask no more;
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.'
This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:
They tug at every oar; and every stretcher bends:
They run their ships aground: the vessels knock
(Thus forc'd ashore), and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood:
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood,
She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon the' uncertain sand.
Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Æneas first assail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and soon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight—
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open fields defied the prince:
But armour scal'd with gold was no defence
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.
Next Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee;
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,
Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,

Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
Æneas writh'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling
breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys—
The Trojan sword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts were thrown at once: and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears, that knew the way to victory—
'Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain.'
He said; then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler
flew,
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor from his dead brother drew
The' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:

Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
  In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing through the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had sent to war; but all the sons of Thrace.
Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads;
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
With mutual blood the' Ausonian soil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
  As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled, man to man.
  But, in another part, the' Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latian force:
For, where the' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.

Pallas, who, with disdain and grief, had view'd
His foes pursuing and his friends pursued,
Us'd threatenings mix'd with prayers, his last resource,
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force.
'Which way, companions? whither would you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame:
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honours—shun ignoble flight!
Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we must come:
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor powers above, nor destinies below,
Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go,
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand! a scanty shore—
The sea behind, our enemies before:
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain.'
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a stone of mighty weight to throw:
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguish'd either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury'd lay,
That scarce the victor forc'd the steel away.
Hisbon came on: but, while he mov'd too slow
To wish'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;

For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain'd his stepdame's bed with impious lust.
And, after him, the Daunian twins were slain,
Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes—
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,
And threaten still the' extended stroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, the' Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus slain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:—

So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
  Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood :
But first collected in his arms he stood :
Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres, fell.
Around his head he toss'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone :
It struck beneath the space of either eye;
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire :
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath
The' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
Pallas the' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tyber thus address'd his vows :
'O sacred stream! direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart.
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.'
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r :
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.
  But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew—Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain :
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came;
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands—
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
'Let none presume his needless aid to join:
Retire and clear the field: the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh! were his father here, my just revenge to view!'
From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,
Struck with his haughty mien and towering height:
Then to the king: 'Your empty vaunts forbear:
Success I hope; and fate I cannot fear.
Alive, or dead, I shall deserve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.'
He said, and to the void advanc'd his pace.
Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion—when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand—
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first—resolv'd to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to heaven and Hercules address'd:
'Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!
His son adjures thee by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish'd spoils.' 'Twas heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began:
'Short bounds of life are set to mortal man:
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
E'en Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death.'
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.
Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew.
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
'See now (said he) whose arm is better strung.'
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:
Through folded brass, and tough bull-hides, it pass'd,
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.

In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood:
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls: his arms upon his body sound:
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus bestrode the corpse: 'Arcadians, hear,
(Said he) my message to your master bear:
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send:
It costs him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow
Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below.'
He said, and trampled down, with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid—
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made;
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,
All in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain—
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.
The sad Arcadians, from the' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd,
With praises, to thy sire, at once deplor'd.
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless relief'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews through adverse foes an ample way,
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud.
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes—
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.
  Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow;
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
'By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O! spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire, and tender progeny.
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale.'
He said. The hero sternly thus replied:
'Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone,
My father's shadow, but my living son.'
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;

Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.
  Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near:
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms, he shone amidst the crowd,
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc'd to yield,
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,
Sent him an offering to the shades below.
His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.
  Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,
And Umbro, born upon the mountain's height.
The champion cheers his troops to encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,
Had life secur'd, in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his protended lance he makes defence;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and (as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray)
Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
  The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
'Lie there, proud man, unpitied on the plain:

Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home,
Expos'd to savage beasts, and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,
Both great in arms; and both were fair and young.
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amyclæ fix'd his silent easy reign.
And, as Ægæon, when with heaven he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defied the forky lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;
And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd,
When once his falchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.
They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They threw their master headlong from the chair.
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.
Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains—

Bold brethren both. The former wav'd in air
His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus: 'Thy confidence is vain
To 'scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.'
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight—the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives,
Pass'd through, and pierc'd his groin. The deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground:
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
'Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight:
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.'
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein:
For Liger lay already on the plain
By the same shock: then, stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
'Now by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r.'
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said;
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: 'I hear another man:
You talk'd not thus before the fight began.

Now take your turn; and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood.'
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent;
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around.
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
'My sister-goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife—
Sustains her Trojans—or themselves, alone,
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.'
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
'Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear—
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty power your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus came!
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine.'
Then shortly thus the sovereign god replied:
'Since in my power and goodness you confide,

If, for a little space, a lengthen'd span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv'd youth from destin'd death,
Or, if a further thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
  To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
'And what if that request, your tongue denies,
Your heart shall grant—and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life, to Turnus give?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth;
Which, O! I wish might err through causeless fears,
And you (for you have power) prolong his years!'
  Thus having said, involv'd in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her through the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a spectre soon she made;
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft; a plumy crest he wore:
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain'd an imitated shield.
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air.
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.

Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
'Whither, O coward! (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas'd a cloud);
Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea.'
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp'd and skulk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The halsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.
The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he cast.
'O Jove!' he cried—'for what offence have I
Deserv'd to bear this endless infamy;
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne?
How ,and with what reproach shall I return?

Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers, again?
What will they say of their deserting chief?
The war was mine: I fly from their relief!
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And even from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!
Or, oh! ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more—
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim.'

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd:
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea, took place—
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.
Thrice he the sword essay'd, and thrice the flood:
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood,
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire:
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire

Of wish'd revenge—on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
  Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound:
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armour, from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head, adorn.
Evas, and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew:
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew—
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.
  And as a savage boar, on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fattening marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,[1]
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war:
The' invaders dart their javelins from afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Corythus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate
night.
Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain—
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane;]
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws:
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore;
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the
wound.
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But, running, gain'd the' advantage of the ground;
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
'Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!'
The fields around with 'Iö Pæan!' ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:
'Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.'

Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied :
' For what belongs to me, let Jove provide :
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.'
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.
By Cædicus, Alcathöus was slain :
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain :
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield :
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew,
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a bound :
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground ;
Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails :
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defied ;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Authronius sent :
But the same fate the victor underwent,
Slain by Nealces' hand, well skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance :
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
Above the rest, two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each : here Venus, Juno there.

Amidst the crowd, infernal Atè shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.
  Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
Where tow'ring in the midmost ranks he stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood
(When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves).
Or like a mountain-ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.
  The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his strength, and like a rock
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
'My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke):
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.'
He said; and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield: that stopp'd the course;
But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The side and bowels, fam'd Antores fix'd.
Antores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose.
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
  The pious Trojan then his javelin sent:
The shield gave way: through triple plates it went

Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.
His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief:
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must
To thy immortal memory be just,
And sing an act so noble and so new,
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Encumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
All, fir'd with generous indignation, strive,
And, with a storm of darts, to distance drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.
As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, passenger, and labouring hind,
For shelter to the neighbouring covert fly,
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns, lie;
But that o'erblown, when heaven above them smiles,
Return to travail, and renew their toils:

Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on every side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threatening cried:
'Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?'—Nor, thus forborne,
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience, tir'd,
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet forc'd the' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd the' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.
But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd; he wept, (the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought)
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
'Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.

There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
' 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.'
With this, his distant friends he beckons near:
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds, by Tyber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand;
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much inquir'd, and many a message sent
To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;
Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
' What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life a ransom for preserving mine?
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!

Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
I ow'd my people these, and, from their hate,
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light—
But will not long.' With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound;
Yet, with a mind resolv'd and unappall'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd—
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress
With daily care, and mounted with success—
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
'O Rhœbus! we have liv'd too long for me—
If life and long were terms that could agree.
This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead—
This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For, after such a lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.'
He said: and straight the' officious courser kneels,
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed javelins: on his head he lac'd
His glittering helm, which terribly was grac'd

With waving horse-hair, nodding from afar:
Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name:
The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.
'Great Jove, (he said) and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!'
He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.
To whom Mezentius thus: 'Thy vaunts are vain.
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He's lost! thy conquest is already won:
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
Forbear thy threats: my business is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy.'
He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent:
Another after, and another, went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies the' impenetrable shield.
Thrice rode he round; and thrice Æneas wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone,
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight—
At length resolv'd, he throws, with all his force,
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.

Just where the stroke was aim'd, the' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before: his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height:
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
And floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.
From either host, the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies:
Æneas, hastening, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
'Now! where are now thy taunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?'
Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies:
'Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die:
Nor came I here with hope of victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design.
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.
For this, this only favour let me sue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuse it not: but let my body have
The last retreat of human kind, a grave.
Too well I know the' insulting people's hate:
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:

This refuge for my poor remains provide ;
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.'
He said, and to the sword his throat applied.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

Æneas erects a trophy of the spoils of Mezentius, grants a truce for burying the dead, and sends home the body of Pallas with great solemnity. Latinus calls a council, to propose offers of peace to Æneas; which occasions great animosity betwixt Turnus and Drances. In the meantime there is a sharp engagement of the horse; wherein Camilla signalizes herself, is killed, and the Latine troops are entirely defeated.

SCARCE had the rosy morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her watery bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,
Yet first to heaven perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar:
A trophy sacred to the god of war.

Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd its plumy crest, besmear'd with blood.
His brazen buckler on the left was seen:
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.
A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
'Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success:
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town:
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more: for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
And, in this omen, is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance,
And I, at heaven's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and funeral pomps prepare,
Due to your dead companions of the war—
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,
And which for us with their own blood they bought.
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend
To the sad city of Evander send,
Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom.'
Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.
Acœtes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd

With equal faith, but less auspicious care:
The' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground:
But, when Æneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore:
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
'Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosperous valour, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succour with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me, parting for the' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,
Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.
And now, perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odours on his loaded altars burn;
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war,
A bloody breathless body, which can owe
No further debt but to the powers below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the funeral honours of his son!
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care!

And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son, whose death disgrac'd his ancestry:
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd;
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate.
But what a champion has the' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!'
Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flower of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back, and share Evander's grief—
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flower,
New cropt by virgin hands, to dress the bower:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother-earth or the green stem shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,
Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,
That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain—
Arms, trappings, horses—by the hearse are led
In long array—the' achievements of the dead:

Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
The' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,
Appointed offerings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne:
Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.
  Acœtes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at every pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
Where grovelling while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honourably foul.
To close the pomp, Æthon, the steed of state,
Is led, the funerals of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind:—the victor seiz'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound:
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
To Pallantean towers direct their course,
In long procession rank'd; the pious chief
Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief.
'The public care, (he said) which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!
Hail holy relics! and a last farewell!'
He said no more, but, inly though he mourn'd,
Restrain'd his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
A truce, with olive-branches in their hand;
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
They plead, that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes, that in fair battle die.
All cause of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.
Their suit, which was too just to be denied,
The hero grants, and further thus replied:
'O Latian princes! how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by heaven's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride;
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.
This is the way (so tell him) to possess
The royal virgin and restore the peace.
Bear this my message back—with ample leave
That your slain friends may funeral rites receive.'
Thus having said—the' ambassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.

Drances, their chief, who harbour'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike-man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
'Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame!
Would I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less.
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favours granted to the Latian state.
If wish'd success our labours shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command;
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign;
We shall be proud in the great work to join.'
Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest empower'd, that soon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for funeral piles prepare
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes through the groaning groves resound:
Oak, mountain-ash, and poplar, spread the ground:
Firs fall from high; and some the trunks receive
In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.
And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Through the short circuit of the' Arcadian town,
Of Pallas slain—by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a funeral flambeau in his hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,

That casts a sullen splendour on their friends—
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry:
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply;
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamours reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng;
Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:
'O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue—
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curs'd essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of inauspicious war!
Vain vows to heaven, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed!
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled—
Prescious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd.
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, for my league against the' Ausonian state,
Amidst their weapons I had found my fate
(Deserv'd from them), then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.

Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge the' alliance I so gladly made.
'Twas not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime for having liv'd too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least, he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before—
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honours to thy grave,
Content with those the Trojan hero gave—
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Ev'n thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man! dost thou detain
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain?
Go, friends! this message to your lord relate:
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live lingering on,
'Tis to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'Tis all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more: but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below.'
The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.

The Trojan king, and Tuscan chief, command
To raise the piles along the winding strand.
Their friends convey the dead to funeral fires;
Black smouldering smoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heaven is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so):
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
And thrice with loud laments they hail the dead.
Tears trickling down their breasts bedew the ground;
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe—
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel:
One casts a target, one a chariot-wheel:
Some to their fellows their own arms restore—
The falchions which in luckless fight they bore,
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep, expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends—
Lingering along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heaven with starry light.
The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare.
Part, in the places where they fell, are laid;
And part are to the neighbouring fields convey'd.
The corpse of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;

The rest, unhonour'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires;
And the promiscuous blaze to heaven aspires.
Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain.
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow:
These relics with their country rites they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.
But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans;
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war—
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes, with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
'Let him, who lords it o'er the' Ausonian land,
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain: our lot is but to serve:
'Tis just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve.'
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite,
His foe expects, and dares him to the fight.
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame;
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,
The legates from the' Ætolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that after all the cost
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost;
That Diomede refus'd his aid in war,
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,
Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.
Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds, too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Æneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of heaven is hovering o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were tried:
Witness the fresh laments, and funeral tears undried.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council-hall.
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in power, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.
When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
'We have (said he) perform'd your high command,
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising towers beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.

When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king.
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell the' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: "Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,
To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword—
A needless ill, your ancestors abhorr'd?
We—for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came
(Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simoïs to the main)—
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honour which in arms he sought.
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driven,
Outcasts abandon'd by the care of heaven—
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
In storms—the vengeful Capharean coast—
The' Eubœan rocks—the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost. Ulysses, with his men,
Have seen Charybdis, and the Cyclops' den.
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
Restor'd to sceptres, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the king of men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,

The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adultress lost his life—
Fell at his threshold: and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,
My much-lov'd country, and my more-lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hov'ring about the coasts they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid spectres in the dead of night
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,
Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
Presum'd against immortal powers to move,
And violate with wounds the queen of love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight: I know him, to my cost:
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!
Heavens! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at every blow;
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
The' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defence the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:
Both brave alike, and equal in command;

Æneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
The' impending dangers of a fatal war."
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd the' alliance, and advis'd a truce.'
Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along the' uneasy race;
White foam in gathering eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.
The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
'I wish, ye Latians, what ye now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens! we wage unequal war
With men, not only heaven's peculiar care,
But heaven's own race—unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomede, lay down:
Our hopes must centre on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain—
Vanquish'd without resource—laid flat by fate—
Factions within, a foe without the gate!
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:

With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd:
You see the' event.—Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.
A tract of land the Latians have possess'd
Along the Tyber stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till;
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojans shall command,
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.
There let them build and settle, if they please:
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,
Or twice as many more, if more they need.
Materials are at hand: a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number and the form assign:
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,
With olive crown'd: the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal ivory chair, [wear,
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
This great affair, and save the sinking state.
Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long
The rising glories of the Daunian prince, [since,
Factions and rich, bold at the council-board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword—
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.

Noble his mother was, and near the throne:
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took the' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
'Such truths, O king, (said he) your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require; but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this inauspicious war began;
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, though death is in my way),
The plains of Latium run with blood around;
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;
Dejected grief in every face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears;
While he, the' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,
And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest:
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride:
With that alliance let the league be tied,
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd:
His haughty godhead we with prayers implore,
Your sceptre to release, and our just rights restore.

O cursed cause of all our ills! must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee?
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'Tis a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain:
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In other realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your interest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace—
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of power,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dower,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone!
We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne—
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy of the funeral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife!
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you
The post of honour, your undoubted due.
Rather alone your matchless force employ,
To merit what alone you must enjoy.'

These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:
'You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our swords.
First in the council-hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is given him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corpse the sanguine strand,
And high as mine his towering trophies stand.
If any doubt remains who dares the most,
Let us decide it at the Trojans' cost,
And issue both a-breast, where honour calls—
(Foes are not far to seek without the walls);
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight,
And feet were given him, but to speed his flight.
I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies—
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,
And how the bloody Tyber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, the' Arcadian troops retire
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd—

First fore'd an entrance through their thick array,
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'Tis a destructive war! So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee.
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies;
And Diomede from fierce Æneas flies.
Say, rapid Aufidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears:
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge: dismiss that vanity:
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.
Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate—
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already tried;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe:
Then I conclude for peace: 'tis time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But, oh! if any ancient blood remains,
One drop of all our fathers, in our veins,
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast:
Who comely fell by no dishonest wound,
To shun that sight, and dying gnaw'd the ground.

But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought:
And not a bloodless victory was bought;
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretels events, is ours:
The Italian chiefs, and princes, join their pow'rs:
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have our cause embrac'd.
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone,
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
With glittering shields, in brazen armour bright.
Yet, if the foe a single fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withstand;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles, let him take the field,
With fated armour, and Vulcanian shield!
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand:
And I alone will answer his demand.
Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize, of war

While they debate; nor these nor those will yield;
Æneas draws his forces to the field,
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and through the frighted city spread
The' unpleasing news. 'The Trojans are descried,
In battle marching by the river-side,
And bending to the town.' They take the' alarm;
Some tremble; some are bold: all in confusion arm.
The' impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply:
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
Like that of swans remurmuring to the floods,
Or birds of differing kinds in hollow woods.
Turnus the' occasion takes, and cries aloud:
'Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd;
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.'
He said, and, turning short with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place.
'Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus, and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes; others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.'
They swarm from every quarter of the town,
And with disorder'd haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gathering storm just breaking on the state,
Dismiss'd the council till a fitter time,
And own'd his easy temper as his crime,

Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.
Some help to sink new trenches; others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound the' alarm: around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labour calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons that attend the mother-queen:
High in her chair she sits, and at her side,
With down-cast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Prayers in their mouths, and presents in their hands.
With censers, first they fume the sacred shrine,
Then in this common supplication join:
'O patroness of arms! unspotted maid!
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latians aid!
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate;
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate.
Now Turnus arms for fight, his back and breast
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes which his brawny thighs infold,
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful falchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tower descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds;
Or seeks his watering in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:

He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.
Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians and their virgin leader wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends:
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
'If sense of honour, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely,
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;
Then I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
You, general, stay behind, and guard the town.'
Turnus a while stood mute with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes,
Then thus return'd: 'O grace of Italy;
With what becoming thanks can I reply?
Not only words lie labouring in my breast;
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd,
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
Himself, through steep ascents and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm: and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;
With chosen foot his passage to forelay,
And place an ambush in the winding way.

Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse:
The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
Subjected all to thy supreme command.'
  This said, he warns Messapus to the war;
Then every chief exhorts with equal care.
All thus encourag'd, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.
  Inclos'd with hills a winding valley lies,
By nature form'd for fraud, and fitted for surprise.
A narrow track, by human steps untrode,
Leads, through perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o'er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
The top is level—an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive them headlong downward; and to pour,
On their descending backs, a stony show'r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess'd the pass, and in blind ambush lay.
  Meantime, Latonian Phœbe, from the skies,
Beheld the' approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call'd the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov'd and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: 'Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes—
The nymph I lov'd of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana's arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
'Twas born with her; and with her years it grew,

Her father Metabus, when forc'd away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch'd up, and sav'd from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.
Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Through the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shouts and clamours they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains;
The raging flood his further flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste,
Then, desperate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore:
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case.
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,
And thus invok'd my favour for the freight:
'Accept, great goddess of the woods (he said),
Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Through air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'
He said, and with full force the spear he threw:
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the further side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound;

Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie:
Earth was his couch; his covering was the sky
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led:
His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.
The dugs of bears, and every savage beast,
He drew, and through her lips the liquor press'd
The little Amazon could scarcely go—
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her staggering steps command,
He with a slender javelin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied
To bless their rival sons with such a bride:
But she disdains their love, to share with me
The silvan shades, and vow'd virginity.
And, oh! I wish, contented with my cares
Of savage spoils, she had not sought the wars:
Then had she been of my celestial train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But, since, opposing heaven's decree, she goe
To find her death among forbidden foes,

Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight,
Where, with the gods adverse, the Latins fight.
This bow to thee, this quiver, I bequeath,
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death;
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid:
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand,
And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.'
She said. The faithful nymph descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.
By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.
Shields, arms, and spears, flash horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse:
These in a body plac'd; on either hand
Sustain'd, and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears:
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
The face of heaven their flying javelins hide;
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side,

Tyrrhenus, and Aconteus void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career,
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses' heads against each other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight.
Spurring at speed, to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase;
Till, seiz'd with shame, they wheel about, and face,
Receive their foes, and raise a threatening cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.
So swelling surges, with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's backs, insult the shore,
Bound o'er the rocks, encroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother-sea;
With equal hurry quit the' invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.
Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran—
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man.
Now dying groans are heard: the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.

Orsilochus, who durst not press too near
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,
And struck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on every part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd, he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine died,
And death, with honour, sought on either side.
Resistless, through the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal javelins play;
Now with her axe's edge she hews her way:
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride—
Italians all—in peace, their queen's delight,
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Thracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd;
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:

Such to the field Penthesilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such return'd triumphant from the war.
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields:
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.
Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain-ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Liris and Pagasus at once she slew:
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
Of his faint steed—the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the javelin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:
The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornytus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
Him, from afar, she spied in arms unknown:
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A covering for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head.
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.

Him soon she singled from the flying train,
And slew with ease : then thus insults the slain :
' Vain hunter ! didst thou think through woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race ?
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory :
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqueror's name,
Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame.'
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew—
But Butes breast to breast : the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus, and she, their coursers ply ;
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly.
But in a narrower ring she makes the race ;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gathering at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her axe, and rises to the blow :
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way :
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace ;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.
Astonish'd Aunus just arrives, by chance,
To see his fall, nor further dares advance ;
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly ;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat
(At least while Fortune favour'd his deceit),
Cries out aloud, ' What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own ?
Forego the vantage of your horse ; alight ;
And then on equal terms begin the fight ;

It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When foot to foot you combat with a man.'
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
'Vain fool, and coward! (said the lofty maid)
Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practise thy Ligurian arts:
Thin stratagems, and tricks of little hearts,
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire.'
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster groveling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Trusses, in middle air, the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.
Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,
With his broad eye surveys the' unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem the' abandon'd plain.
Between the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;
Recals each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardour, and restores the fight.

'What panic fear has seiz'd your souls! O shame,
O brand perpetual of the' Etrurian name!
Cowards incurable! a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters, your ignoble band!
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;
When to fat offerings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your studied cares, your lewd delight—
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight.'
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seiz'd, with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist.
'Twas Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,
And (laid athwart his own) in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue: the Latins turn their eyes,
And view the' unusual sight with vast surprise.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the ponderous prey sustains,
Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigour, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent through the sky,
Fastening his crooked talons on the prey:
The prisoner hisses through the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk; and, though oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:

Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens every scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threatening tail.
Against the victor, all defence is weak:
The' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores,
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, through the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.
Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts essay'd
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, wheresoe'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place:
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes in fight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying every way
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloreus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glittering in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings; and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er:
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds;
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needle-work distinguish'd o'er,
With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.

Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize;
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone,
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.
This lucky moment the sly traitor chose;
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw—but first to heaven address'd his vows:
'O patron of Soracte's high abodes!
Phœbus, the ruling power among the gods!
Whom first we serve: whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected, with our naked soles
Through flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals.
Give me, propitious power, to wash away
The stains of this dishonourable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim;
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home.'
Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd: his safe return,
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.
Now, when the javelin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host,
The' unhappy virgin, though concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.

Her sad attendants hasten to sustain
Their dying lady drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he further to pursue his blow,
Or e'en to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quivering tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.
She wrench'd the javelin with her dying hands;
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands:
The wood she draws, the steely point remains:
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains—
(A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies)—
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
'Acca, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus: fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:—
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive.
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein:
Short, and more short, she pants: by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plumy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:

In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murmuring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued;
Despair and rage, and languish'd fight renew'd.
The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar,
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war:
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,
Weltering in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And, round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
'Too dear a fine, ah much-lamented maid!
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid:
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her votary's death, nor with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after-ages shall thy praise record.
The' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain:
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain.'

High o'er the field, there stood a hilly mound—
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around—
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,
Swoln with success; and loudly thus she cried:

'Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below—
An honour undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow.'

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed:
Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bow-string touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conquering damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field;
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frighted soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heaven with female shrieks, and wring their hands.

All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout:
'Tis terror all within, and slaughter all without.
Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.
  The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the towers, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd:
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts to gall the foe.
Their lives, for godlike freedom, they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings came the' unhappy maid:
'The Volscians overthrown—Camilla kill'd—
The foes, entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town.'
  Inflam'd with rage (for so the Furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require),
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods, in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Through the black forest and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take.

From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies now in open fields are seen;
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend. Æneas sees,
Through smoking fields, his hastening enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears the' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,
While night with sable wings involves the sky.

ÆNEIS.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

Turnus challenges Æneas to a single combat; articles are agreed on, but broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas. He is miraculously cured by Venus, forces Turnus to a duel, and concludes the poem with his death.

When Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,
Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honour question'd for the promis'd fight—
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigour for the last debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul, to meet his fate.
As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;
But, if the pointed javelin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel; he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:

So Turnus fares: his eye-balls flash with fire;
Through his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.
Trembling with rage, around the court he ran;
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
'No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce: the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight:
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain.'
To whom the king sedately thus replied:
'Brave youth! the more your valour has been tried,
The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities which your arms have made your own:
My towns and treasures are at your command;
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land:
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudful art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince, Italian born, should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, a foreign son reveal'd.

Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honour, broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war—
With what success, 'tis needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel: and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians blanch the neighbouring shore.
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen, the Rutulians, say?
And, should you fall in fight, (which heav'n defend!)
How curse the cause, which hasten'd to his end
The daughter's lover, and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war:
Pity your parent's age; and ease his care.'
  Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdaining the relief,
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
'The care, O best of fathers! which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days,
But make the best exchange of life for praise.

This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
His goddess-mother is not near, to shrowd
The flying coward with an empty cloud.'
  But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
'O Turnus! I adjure thee by these tears,
And whate'er price Amata's honour bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop—
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne—
Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
To wave the combat, and pursue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers, or a Trojan son.'
  At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed:
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.
The driving colours, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush and fade away.
Delightful change! thus Indian ivory shows,
Which with the bordering paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighbouring rose.
The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
  Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:

'O mother! do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if heaven my death decree'—
Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;
Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heavens, he need not urge the fight:
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide:
And to the victor be the beauteous bride.'
He said, and, striding on with speedy pace,
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach they toss their heads on high,
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orithyia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests, and gently sooth their pride.
He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain-brass.
Then to his head his glittering helm he tied,
And girt his faithful falchion to his side.
In his Ætnæan forge, the god of fire
That falchion labour'd for the hero's sire,
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;

Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
Then cry'd, 'O ponderous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain!
Fail not this day thy wonted force: but go,
Sent by this hand to pierce the Trojan foe;
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil.'

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight:
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy:
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the lingering wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What heaven had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease
The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
The' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labour join'd, the list prepar'd.

Beneath the walls they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear on sods of grass,
Where, with religious rites, their common gods they place.
In purest white, the priests their heads attire,
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred vervain wear.
In order issuing from the town, appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears:
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight:
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glittering with gold, and vests in purple died—
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memnian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is given; and, round the listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a numerous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm from the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls, and houses' tops, are lin'd.
Meantime the queen of heaven beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from mount Albano's height:
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,
But then an empty hill, without a name.)
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan powers,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine towers.

Then thus the goddess of the skies bespake,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake;
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd—
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,
Now made the Naïs of the neighbouring flood.
'O nymph, the pride of living lakes! (said she)
O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me!
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wandering lord.
Of every Latian fair, whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,
But gave a part of heaven, and an unenvied place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While Fortune favour'd, nor heaven's king denied
To lend my succour to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight; [sight.
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the
Thou, if thou dar'st, thy present aid supply:
It well becomes a sister's care to try.'
At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: 'Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd, from fate:
New tumults kindle; violate the truce:
Who knows what changeful Fortune may produce?
'Tis not a crime to' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me.'

She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.
  And now in pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear:
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the god of day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Æneas, author of the Roman line;
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a reverend priest appears,
And offerings to the flaming altars bears—
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;
With the same generous juice the flame he feeds.
Æneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious prayers the gods ador'd:
  'All-seeing sun! and thou, Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil!
Thou, king of heaven! and thou, the queen of air,
Propitious now, and reconcil'd by prayer.
Thou, god of war, whose unresisted sway
The labours and events of arms obey!
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods!
All powers of ocean, all ethereal gods!
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,

My Trojans shall increase Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce the' Ausonian crown;
All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But, if my juster arms prevail in fight
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright),
My Trojans shall not o'er the' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd, shall remain.
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine:
The crown to king Latinus I resign:
His be the sovereign sway. Nor will I share
His power in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising towers with fair Lavinia's name.'
Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands.
'By the same heaven (said he), and earth, and main,
And all the powers that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god,
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those powers attest, and all their names:
Whatever chance befal on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind:
Not, though the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;

Not, though the lamps of heaven their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal sceptre' (for he bore
A sceptre in his hand) 'shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth—
An orphan now, cut from the mother-earth
By the keen axe, dishonour'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear.'
When thus in public view the peace was tied
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require,
The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.
Already the Rutulians deem'd their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd through the crowd;
Then, gathering sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
The' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands:
And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.
With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
The' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
When their short sighs and thickening sobs she heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;

Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look—
A chief of ancient blood:—in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And, humouring their first motions, thus began:
'For shame, Rutulians! can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
Can we, before the face of heaven, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, the' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count them as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce every second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 'tis true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honour, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
Those fruitful fields, your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd.'
With words like these, she carried her design.
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.
Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp the' imperial bird of Jove:

A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
The' Italians wonder at the' unusual sight:
But, while he lags, and labours in his flight,
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clamorous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thickening in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.
They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
Nor can th' encumber'd bird sustain their force;
But, vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the ponderous prey,
And, lighten'd of his burden, wings his way.
The' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then king Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
'At length 'tis granted, what I long desir'd!
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods! I take your omen, and obey.—
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey.
Your timely succour to your country bring;
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king.'
He said: and, pressing onward through the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamours rise.

Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal javelin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew,
A passage through the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the generous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their javelins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.
The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
And meet their ardour in the middle space.
The Tuscans, Trojans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields; and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate:
With impious haste their altars are o'erturn'd,
The sacrifice half broil'd, and half unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky:
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.
Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser through the fighting prease,
At king Aulestes, by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown:
And, with a shock encountering, bore him down.

Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There pitching on his shoulders and his head,
Amid the scattering fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear, descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and through his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile the victor cries:
'The gods have found a fitter sacrifice.'
Greedy of spoils, the' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armour, and uncrown his head.
Priest Chorinæus arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thundering pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:
His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.
While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
The shepherd Alsus through the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad axe enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound:
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around.
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.
But good Æneas rush'd amid the bands:
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:
'What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,

Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans! cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace.
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe.'
  Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defence,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
But, whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand, or hostile god, was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.
  When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
The' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
At once his arms and coursers he requires;
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches; over these he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls.
In vain the vanquish'd fly: the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.
  Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
The god of battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Lets loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair,
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car—
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.

With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain;
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on; and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,
The gore and gathering dust are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbrasus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew—
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.
Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,
But emulated more his father's fame—
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry—
Hard enterprise! and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, the' Etolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,
And launch'd his javelin from his lofty car,
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
'Possess (said he) the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!'
Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris, he slew,
Whom o'er his neck the floundering courser threw.

As when loud Boreas, with his blustering train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main:
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on the' Ægæan shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horse's hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.
This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frighted, and their course control'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held
Against his threatening foe his ample shield,
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd: the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.
While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than to' enlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp, and his unerring bow;
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the power of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phœbean bays.
Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heavenly art.
All softening simples, known of sovereign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain—
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.
Meantime the war approaches to the tents:
The' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near;
And first their friends, and then their foes appear:
Their friends retreat: their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight:
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky—
The shouts of those who kill, and groans of those who die.
But now the goddess-mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought—

(Rough is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;
The leaves with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd)—
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
The' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And odorous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Tempering the mixture with her heavenly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foments the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord;
And health and vigour are at once restor'd.
Iäpis first perceiv'd the closing wound;
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
'Arms! arms! (he cries) the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some god our general to the battle sends:
Some god preserves his life for greater ends.'
The hero arms in haste, his hands infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This gripes the lance, and with such vigour shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.

Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
And, kissing through his helmet, thus begun:
'My son! from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare:
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honours of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth:
Assert thy birthright; and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Æneas' son.'
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his steps: the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around;
Labours beneath their feet the trembling ground.
Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains;
And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw the' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Æneas leads: and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As, when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With such impetuous rage the prince appears,
Before his doubled front; nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock in open field:
Osiris is by strong Thymbræus kill'd,

Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' band.
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, the' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamours rend the liquid sky;
And o'er the fields the frighted Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few.
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armour, and his mien,
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.
As the black swallow near the palace plies:
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;
Now here, now there, her conquering brother shows;
Now with a strait, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Æneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do? Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail.
The great Messapus thundering through the field,
In his left hand two pointed javelins held:
Encountering on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim, and utmost vigour, threw.
Æneas saw it come, and, stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume which on his helm he wore.
Forc'd by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
The prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardour, now invades the field;
Invokes the powers of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.
What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labours of that fatal day!
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died!
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd?
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field?
Jove! could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,
Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite?
Æneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valour made the Trojans quit their ground;
Betwixt his ribs the javelin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw;

Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.
  Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanaïs, Talus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest—
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.
Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phœbus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menœtes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread.
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from the' infectious world withdrew.
Poor was his house: his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plough'd another's land.
  As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown:
The laurels crackle in the sputtering fire;
The frighted silvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighbouring torrents fall from high,
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;
They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their different ways; nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:

They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.
Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glittering sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.
Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd a deadly spear:
So fatally the flying weapon sped
That through his brazen helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, could'st thou 'scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of the' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against the' Ænean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.
Iölus fell, whom not the Grecian powers,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan towers,
Were doom'd to kill, while heaven prolong'd his date:
But who can pass the bounds prefix'd by Fate?
In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.
And now both hosts their broken troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Serestus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line;

Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike; they push; they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace:
And, where one falls, another fills his place.
The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave the' unfinish'd fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views the' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight;
Attended thus, he takes a neighbouring height:
The crowding troops about their general stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: 'Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay.
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigour, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian towers, that mate the sky,
Shall, level with the plain, in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.
Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend:
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires:
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires.'

He finish'd: and—one soul inspiring all—
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling-ladders, bear;
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear;
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly;
And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heaven his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith the' Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honour doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.
Dissenting clamours in the town arise:
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war, contends:
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurried in the throng,
And (whate'er tide prevails) is borne along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labour on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapours, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.
But Fate and envious Fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.
The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear:—
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.

Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain;
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she lothes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will:
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.
Soon as the fatal news by fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair,
And rosy cheeks: the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumour fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in every face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes:
With filth his venerable beard besmears;
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon reduc'd to change what he so well design'd—
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.
Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains;
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight, and cheap success.

Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind—
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
'Alas! (said he) what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamours from the town arise?'
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins.
She, who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: 'Neglect, my lord, these new alarms:
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms;
There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand the' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honour equal, equal in success.'
To this, the prince: 'O sister!—for I knew,
The peace infring'd proceeded first from you:
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight:
And now in vain you would deceive my sight—
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heaven involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what power can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground.
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honour on the place,
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine a manly corpse he lies:
His vest and armour are the victor's prize.

Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted to complete my shame?
How will the Latians hoot their champion's flight!
How Drances will insult, and point them to the sight!
Is death so hard to bear?—Ye gods below!
(Since those above so small compassion show)
Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefathers' name.'
He said: and, while he spoke, with flying speed
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
'Turnus! on you, on you alone, depends
Our last relief:—compassionate your friends!
Like lightning, fierce Æneas, rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades, the town:
The brands are toss'd on high: the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire.
All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice
Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'Tis true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On every side surrounded by the foe,
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your roiling chariot drive o'er empty sands.'
Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;

And conscious worth lay labouring in his thought,
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.
Then rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tower with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd,
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
'Sister! the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which heaven and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd: nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage, before I die.'
He said: and, leaping down without delay,
Through crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots—
Prone through the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep:
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Shouldering and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts and spears and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slippery ground embrue.

First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease;
'Rutulians, hold! and, Latin troops, retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
'Tis just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars the' Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate.'
Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls:
Greedy of war where greater glory calls,
He springs to fight, exulting in his force;
His jointed armour rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or father Apennine, when, white with snows,
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, over-aw'd, surcease the fight;
Immoveable their bodies, fix'd their sight;
Ev'n Death stands still: nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their battering-rams below.
In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
The' Ausonian king beholds, with wondering sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate
With swords to try their titles to the state.
Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war. [meet.
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet;

Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance; and both engage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As, when two bulls for their fair female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height,
With horns adverse they meet: the keeper flies:
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait the' event—which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:
With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound, return:
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood:
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow through the wood:
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.
Jove sets the beam: in either scale he lays
The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side, life, and lucky chance, ascends:
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamours ring on either side,
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now 'tis but death or flight: disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind, [find.
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could
'Twas not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.

This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held:
But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.
  Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd:
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Æneas hastens, though with heavier pace—
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse—
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.
  Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers:
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to 'scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is the' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand:
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at every pace:
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear:
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows, ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
  Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats

To lay in ashes, if they dare supply,
With arms or aid, his vanquish'd enemy;
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course
With vigour, though diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already, round the listed place,
One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for, on the life
Or death of Turnus, now depends the strife.
Within the space, an olive-tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were engrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,
Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
The' encumber'd spear from the tenacious tree;
That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.
Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus, pray'd:
'O Faunus! pity! and thou, mother Earth,
Where I thy foster-son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
Your plant has honour'd, which your foes profan'd,
Propitious hear my pious prayer!' He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.
The' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Metiscus' form again,

And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
The queen of love—who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief—
To' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the lingering weapon freed.
Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.
Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
'What new arrest, O queen of heaven! is sent
To stop the Fates now labouring in the' event?
What further hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Æneas (and thou know'st it too),
Fore-doom'd, to these celestial seats is due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,
That thus thou lingerest in this lonely shade?
Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honour of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands, and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear,
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care:
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload:
Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?
Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed end.

While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
Toss'd on the seas thou could'st thy foes distress,
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:—
Now cease at my command.' The thunderer said:
And with dejected eyes this answer Juno made:
'Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight,
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'Tis true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life,
At least to try; but (by the Stygian lake—
The most religious oath the gods can take)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now, resign'd to your superior might,
And tir'd with fruitless toils, I lothe the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand),
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless),
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name,
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign,
And Rome's immortal majesty remain.'

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes):
'Can Saturn's issue, and heaven's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood, the' Ausonian people, sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue:
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:
I will myself their common rites provide:
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater offerings on your altars lay.'
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.
The peace thus made, the thunderer next prepares
To force the watery goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indued with windy wings, to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In Heaven the Diræ call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death, and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.

One sister-plague of these from Heaven he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies, [flies.
And drench'd in poisonous juice, the sure destruction
With such a sudden, and unseen a flight,
Shot through the clouds the daughter of the Night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew—
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
Where songs obscene on sepulchres she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew the' ill omen, by her screaming cry,
And stridor of her wing. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.
'Ah me! (she cries) in this unequal strife,
What can thy sister more to save thy life?
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well,
The sounding flight, and funeral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish'd love!

Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state!
Though born to death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother's ghost below!
The joys are vanish'd: nothing now remains
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb?'
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp'd her head,
Then plung'd into her stream, with deep despair;
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.
Now stern Æneas waves his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
'What further subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbour'd in his mind?
'Tis not thy swiftness can secure thy flight:
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war:
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid within the hollow earth to lie!' [reply:
The champion shook his head, and made this short
'No threats of thine my manly mind can move:
'Tis hostile heaven I dread, and partial Jove.'
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress'd
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.
Then, as he roll'd his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighbouring fields, and barrier of the ground—
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
The' enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.

He heav'd it at a lift, and, pois'd on high,
Ran staggering on against his enemy.
But so disorder'd, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldy weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load;
And shivering cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigour, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry:
The nerves, unbrac'd, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue the faltering accents die:
So Turnus far'd: whatever means he tried,
All force of arms, and points of art employ'd,
The Fury flew athwart, and made the' endeavour void.
A thousand various thoughts his soul confound:
He star'd about; nor aid nor issue found:
His own men stop the pass; and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess-charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thundering chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz'd he cowers beneath his conquering foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.
Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees the' impending spear.
The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.

Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from battering-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Nought could his sevenfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd through all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.
Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upwards, and with arms display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
'I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, oh, think! if mercy may be shown
(Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son)—
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And, for Anchises' sake, old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life:
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 'tis mean ignoble strife.'
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and every moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied
The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoil which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries, [eyes)—
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his

'Traitor! dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful offering go!
'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.'
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around;
And the disdainful soul came rushing through the wound.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE READER.

WHAT Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me, by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and, in some measure, acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion, of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged

in after-ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words, and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets; even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words, and sweetness of sound, unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts; but mingle farthings with their gold, to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me: but, since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent: for who would give physic to the great, when he is uncalled—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant, but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

——— Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit———

It is enough for me, if the government will let me

pass unquestioned. In the meantime, I am obliged in gratitude to return my thanks to many of them, who have not only distinguished me from others of the same party, by a particular exception of grace, but, without considering the man, have been bountiful to the poet—have encouraged Virgil to speak such English as I could teach him, and rewarded his interpreter for the pains he has taken in bringing him over into Britain, by defraying the charges of his voyage. Even Cerberus, when he had received the sop, permitted Æneas to pass freely to Elysium. Had it been offered me, and I had refused it, yet still some gratitude is due to such who were willing to oblige me: but how much more to those from whom I have received the favours which they have offered to one of a different persuasion! amongst whom I cannot omit naming the Earls of Derby and of Peterborough. To the first of these I have not the honour to be known; and therefore, his liberality was as much unexpected, as it was undeserved. The present Earl of Peterborough has been pleased long since to accept the tenders of my service: his favours are so frequent to me, that I receive them almost by prescription. No difference of interests or opinion has been able to withdraw his protection from me: and I might justly be condemned for the most unthankful of mankind, if I did not always preserve for him a most profound respect and inviolable gratitude. I must also add, that, if the last Æneid shine amongst its fellows, it is owing to the commands of Sir William Trumball, one of the principal secretaries of state, who recommended it, as his favourite, to my care; and for his sake particularly I

have made it mine: for who would confess weariness, when he enjoined a fresh labour? I could not but invoke the assistance of a Muse, for this last office.

Extremum hunc, Arethusa———
——— Neget quis carmina Gallo?

Neither am I to forget the noble present which was made me by Gilbert Dolben, Esq. (the worthy son of the late Archbishop of York) who, when I began this work, enriched me with all the several editions of Virgil, and all the commentaries of those editions in Latin; amongst which, I could not but prefer the Dauphin's, as the last, the shortest, and the most judicious. Fabrini I had also sent me from Italy; but either he understands Virgil very imperfectly, or I have no knowledge of my author.

Being invited by that worthy gentleman, Sir William Bowyer, to Denham Court, I translated the first Georgic at his house, and the greatest part of the last Æneïd. A more friendly entertainment no man ever found. No wonder, therefore, if both those versions surpass the rest, and own the satisfaction I received in his converse, with whom I had the honour to be bred in Cambridge, and in the same college. The seventh Æneïd was made English at Burleigh, the magnificent abode of the Earl of Exeter. In a village belonging to his family I was born; and under his roof I endeavoured to make that Æneïd appear in English with as much lustre as I could; though my author has not given the finishing strokes either to it, or to the eleventh, as I perhaps could

prove in both, if I durst presume to criticise my master.

By a letter from William Walsh, of Abberley, Esq. (who has so long honoured me with his friendship, and who, without flattery, is the best critic of our nation) I have been informed that his Grace the Duke of Shrewsbury has procured a printed copy of the Pastorals, Georgics, and six first Æneïds, from my bookseller, and has read them in the country, together with my friend. This noble person having been pleased to give them a commendation, which I presume not to insert, has made me vain enough to boast of so great a favour, and to think I have succeeded beyond my hopes; the character of his excellent judgment, the acuteness of his wit, and his general knowledge of good letters, being known as well to all the world, as the sweetness of his disposition, his humanity, his easiness of access, and desire of obliging those who stand in need of his protection, are known to all who have approached him, and to me in particular, who have formerly had the honour of his conversation. Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls The Power of Love, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble. The most ingenious Mr. Addison, of Oxford, has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account: after his Bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving. Mr. Cowley's Praise of a Country Life is excellent, but is rather an imitation of Virgil, than a version. That I

have recovered in some measure the health which I had lost by too much application to this work, is owing, next to God's mercy, to the skill and care of Dr. Guibbons and Dr. Hobbs, the two ornaments of their profession, whom I can only pay by this acknowledgment. The whole faculty has always been ready to oblige me: and the only one[1] of them, who endeavoured to defame me, had it not in his power.

I desire pardon from my readers for saying so much in relation to myself, which concerns not them; and, with my acknowledgments to all my subscribers, have only to add, that the few Notes which follow, are *par manière d' acquit*, because I had obliged myself by articles to do somewhat of that kind. These scattering observations are rather guesses at my author's meaning in some passages, than proofs that so he meant. The unlearned may have recourse to any poetical dictionary in English, for the names of persons, places, or fables, which the learned need not: but that little which I say, is either new or necessary; and the first of these qualifications never fails to invite a reader, if not to please him.

J. DRYDEN.

[1] Probably, Sir Richard Blackmore.

DRYDEN'S

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

VIRGIL'S WORKS IN ENGLISH.

PASTORAL I. Page 39, line 24.

There first the youth of heavenly birth I view'd.

Virgil means Octavius Cæsar, heir to Julius; who perhaps had not arrived to his twentieth year, when Virgil saw him first. '*Of heavenly birth*,' or heavenly blood; because the Julian family was derived from Iülus, son to Æneas, and grandson to Venus.

PASTORAL II. P. 44, l. 19.

The short narcissus———

That is, of short continuance.

PASTORAL III. P. 49, l. 27.

For him, the god of shepherds and their sheep.

Phœbus, not Pan, is here called the god of shepherds. The poet alludes to the same story which he touches in the beginning of the second Georgic, where he calls Phœbus the Amphrysian shepherd,

because he fed the sheep and oxen of Admetus (with whom he was in love) on the hill Amphrysus.

PASTORAL IV. P. 55, l. 24.

Begin, auspicious boy, &c.

in Latin thus,

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem, &c.

I have translated the passage to this sense—that the infant, smiling on his mother, singles her out from the rest of the company about him. Erythræus, Bembus, and Joseph Scaliger, are of this opinion. Yet they and I may be mistaken: for, immediately after, we find these words, *cui non risere parentes*, which imply another sense, as if the parents smiled on the new-born infant; and that the babe on whom they vouchsafed not to smile, was born to ill fortune: for they tell a story, that when Vulcan, the only son of Jupiter and Juno, came into the world, he was so hard-favoured, that both his parents frowned on him, and Jupiter threw him out of heaven; he fell on the island Lemnos, and was lame ever afterwards. The last line of the Pastoral seems to justify this sense:

Nec Deus hunc mensâ, Dea nec dignata cubili est.

For, though he married Venus, yet his mother Juno was not present at the nuptials to bless them; as appears by his wife's incontinence. They say also, that he was banished from the banquets of the gods. If so, that punishment could be of no long continuance; for Homer makes him present at their feasts, and composing a quarrel betwixt his

parents with a bowl of nectar. The matter is of no great consequence; and, therefore, I adhere to my translation, for these two reasons: first, Virgil has this following line,

Matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses,

as if the infant's smiling on his mother was a reward to her for bearing him ten months in her body, four weeks longer than the usual time. Secondly, Catullus is cited by Joseph Scaliger, as favouring this opinion, in his Epithalamium of Manlius Torquatus:

Torquatus, volo, parvulus,
Matris è gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulcè rideat ad patrem, &c.

What if I should steer betwixt the two extremities, and conclude that the infant, who was to be happy, must not only smile on his parents, but also they on him? For Scaliger notes, that the infants who smiled not at their birth, were observed to be αγελαστοι or sullen (as I have translated it), during all their life; and Servius, and almost all the modern commentators, affirm, that no child was thought fortunate, on whom his parents smiled not at his birth. I observe, further, that the ancients thought the infant who came into the world at the end of the tenth month, was born to some extraordinary fortune, good or bad. Such was the birth of the late Prince of Condé's father, of whom his mother was not brought to bed, till almost eleven months were expired after his father's death: yet the college of physicians, at Paris, concluded he was lawfully begotten. My inge-

nious friend, Anthony Henley, Esq. desired me to make a note on this passage of Virgil; adding (what I had not read) that the Jews have been so superstitious, as to observe not only the first look or action of an infant, but also the first word which the parent or any of the assistants spoke after the birth: and from thence they gave a name to the child, alluding to it.

PASTORAL VI. My Lord Roscommon's notes on this Pastoral are equal to his excellent translation of it; and thither I refer the reader.

The Eighth and Tenth PASTORALS are already translated to all manner of advantage, by my excellent friend Mr. Stafford. So is the episode of Camilla, in the Eleventh Æneïd.

This Eighth Pastoral is copied by our author from two Bucolics of Theocritus. Spenser has followed both Virgil and Theocritus, in the charms which he employs for curing Britomartis of her love. But he had also our poet's Ceiris in his eye: for there not only the enchantments are to be found, but also the very name of Britomartis.

In the Ninth PASTORAL, Virgil has made a collection of many scattering passages, which he had translated from Theocritus: and here he has bound them into a nosegay.

GEORGIC I. The poetry of this book is more sublime than any part of Virgil, if I have any taste: and if ever I have copied his majestic style, it is here. The compliment he makes Augustus, almost in the beginning, is ill imitated by his successors, Lucan and Statius. They dedicated to tyrants; and their flatteries are gross and ful-

some: Virgil's address is both more lofty and more just. In the three last lines of this Georgic, I think I have discovered a secret compliment to the emperor, which none of the commentators have observed. Virgil had just before described the miseries which Rome had undergone betwixt the triumvirs and the commonwealth party: in the close of all, he seems to excuse the crimes committed by his patron Cæsar, as if he were constrained, against his own temper, to those violent proceedings, by the necessity of the times in general, but more particularly by his two partners, Antony and Lepidus—

Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.

They were the headstrong horses, who hurried Octavius, the trembling charioteer, along; and were deaf to his reclaiming them. I observe further, that the wars, in which all Europe and part of Asia are engaged at present, are waged in the same places here described:

Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania, bellum, &c.

as if Virgil had prophesied of this age.

Georgic ii. The Praises of Italy, (translated by the learned and every way excellent Mr. Chetwood) which are printed in one of my Miscellany Poems, are the greatest ornament of this book: wherein, for want of sufficient skill in gardening, agriculture, &c. I may possibly be mistaken in some terms. But, concerning grafting, my honoured friend Sir William Bowyer has assured me, that Virgil has shown more of poetry than skill,

at least in relation to our more northern climates; and that many of our stocks will not receive such grafts as our poet tells us would bear in Italy. Nature has conspired with art to make the garden at Denham Court, of Sir William's own plantation, one of the most delicious spots of ground in England: it contains not above five acres (just the compass of Alcinoüs's garden, described in the Odysses); but Virgil says, in this very Georgic,

——— *Laudato ingentia rura;*
Exiguum colito.

GEORGIC III. P. 159, l. 1.

Next him, Niphates, with inverted urn, &c.

It has been objected to me, that I understood not this passage of Virgil, because I call Niphates a river, which is a mountain in Armenia. But the river arising from the same mountain is also called Niphates: and, having spoken of Nile before, I might reasonably think that Virgil rather meant to couple two rivers, than a river and a mountain.

P. 164, l. 17.

The male has done, &c.

The transition is obscure in Virgil. He began with cows, then proceeds to treat of horses, now returns to cows.

P. 172, l. 4.

Till the new Ram receives the' exalted sun.

Astrologers tell us, that the sun receives his

exaltation in the sign Aries: Virgil perfectly understood both astronomy and astrology.

GEORGIC IV. P. 185, l. 22.

That, when the youthful prince ——

My most ingenious friend, Sir Henry Shere, has observed through a glass hive, that the young prince of the bees, or heir presumptive of the crown, approaches the king's apartment with great reverence; and, for three successive mornings, demands permission to lead forth a colony of that year's bees. If his petition be granted (which he seems to make by humble hummings), the swarm arises under his conduct. If the answer be, *le roi s'avisera*—that is, if the old monarch think it not convenient for the public good to part with so many of his subjects—the next morning the prince is found dead before the threshold of the palace.

P. 199, l. 16. The poet here records the names of fifteen river-nymphs; and for once I have translated them all. But in the Æneïs I thought not myself obliged to be so exact; for, in naming many men who were killed by heroes, I have omitted some, which would not sound in English verse.

P. 205, l. 1. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice begins here, and contains the only machine which Virgil uses in the Georgics. I have observed, in the epistle before the Æneïs, that our author seldom employs machines but to adorn his poem, and that the action which they seemingly perform, is really produced without them. Of this nature is the legend of the bees restored by

miracle; when the receipt which the poet gives, would do the work without one. The only beautiful machine which I remember in the modern poets, is in Ariosto; where God commands St. Michael to take care, that Paris, then besieged by the Saracens, should be succoured by Rinaldo. In order to this, he enjoins the archangel to find Silence and Discord—the first to conduct the Christian army to relieve the town, with so much secresy, that their march should not be discovered—the latter to enter the camp of the infidels, and there to sow dissention among the principal commanders. The heavenly messenger takes his way to an ancient monastery—not doubting there to find Silence in her primitive abode—but, instead of Silence, finds Discord: the monks, being divided into factions about the choice of some new officer, were at *snic* and *snee* with their drawn knives. The satire needs no explanation. And here it may be also observed, that ambition, jealousy, and worldly interest, and point of honour, had made variance both in the cloister and the camp; and strict discipline had done the work of Silence, in conducting the Christian army to surprise the Turks.

ÆNEID I. P. 107, l. 7.

> And make thee father of a happy line.

This was an obliging promise to Æolus, who had been so unhappy in his former children, Macareus and Canace.

P. 109, l. 25.

> The realms of ocean, and the fields of air,
> Are mine, not his.

Poetically speaking, the *fields of air* are under the command of Juno, and her vicegerent Æolus. Why then does Neptune call them his? I answer; Because, being god of the seas, Æolus could raise no tempest in the atmosphere above them without his leave. But why does Juno address to her own substitute? I answer; He had an immediate power over the winds whom Juno desires to employ on her revenge. That power was absolute by land; which Virgil plainly insinuates: for, when Boreas and his brethren were let loose, he says at first, *terras turbine perflant*—then adds, *Incubuere mari.* To raise a tempest on the sea, was usurpation on the prerogative of Neptune, who had given him no leave, and therefore was enraged at his attempt. I may also add, that they who are in a passion, as Neptune then was, are apt to assume to themselves more than is properly their due.

P. 117, l. 21.

> O virgin ——— &c.
> If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
> Or one at least of chaste Diana's train——

thus in the original—

> *O quam te memorem, virgo——*
> *An Phœbi soror, an nympharum sanguinis una?*

This is a family compliment, which Æneas here bestows on Venus. His father Anchises had used the very same to that goddess when he courted her. This appears by that very ancient Greek poem [1], in which that amour is so beautifully de-

[1] The Hymn on Venus.

scribed, and which is thought Homer's: though it seems to be written before his age.

P. 133, l. 17.

——— Her princely guest
Was next her side.

This, I confess, is improperly translated, and according to the modern fashion of sitting at table. But the ancient custom of lying on beds had not been understood by the unlearned reader.

ÆNEID II. The destruction of Veii is here shadowed under that of Troy. Livy, in his description of it, seems to have emulated in his prose, and almost equalled, the beauty of Virgil's verse.

ÆNEID III. P. 175, l. 23.

And children's children shall the crown sustain.

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis.

Virgil translated this verse from Homer: Homer had it from Orpheus, and Orpheus from an ancient oracle of Apollo. On this account it is that Virgil immediately subjoins these words, *Hæc Phœbus*, &c. Eustathius takes notice, that the old poets were wont to take whole paragraphs from one another; which justifies our poet for what he borrows from Homer. Bochartus, in his letter to Ségrais, mentions an oracle which he found in the fragments of an old Greek historian, the sense whereof is this in English; that, when the empire of the Priamidæ should be destroyed, the line of

Anchises should succeed. Venus, therefore, (says the historian) was desirous to have a son by Anchises, though he was then in his decrepit age: accordingly she had Æneas. After this, she sought occasion to ruin the race of Priam, and set on foot the intrigue of Alexander (or Paris) with Helena. She being ravished, Venus pretended still to favour the Trojans, lest they should restore Helen, in case they should be reduced to the last necessity. Whence it appears, that the controversy betwixt Juno and Venus was on no trivial account, but concerned the succession to a great empire.

ÆNEID. IV. P. 34, l. 12.

'And must I die,' she said,
'And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.'

This is certainly the sense of Virgil, on which I have paraphrased, to make it plain. His words are these:

Moriemur inultæ?
Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.

Servius makes an interrogation at the word *sic:* thus, *sic? Sic juvat ire sub umbras;* which Mr. Cowley justly censures: but his own judgment may perhaps be questioned; for he would retrench the latter part of the verse, and leave it a hemistich —*Sed moriamur, ait.* That Virgil never intended to have left any hemistich, I have proved already in the preface. That this verse was filled up by him with these words, *sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras,* is very probable, if we consider the weight of them: for this procedure of Dido does not only contain

that *dira execratio, quæ nullo expiatur carmine* [1] (as Horace observes in his Canidia), but, besides that, Virgil, who is full of allusions to history, under another name, describes the Decii devoting themselves to death this way, though in a better cause, in order to the destruction of the enemy. The reader, who will take the pains to consult Livy in his accurate description of those Decii thus devoting themselves, will find a great resemblance betwixt these two passages. And it is judiciously observed upon that verse,

Nulla fides populis nec fœdera sunto,

that Virgil uses, in the word *sunto*, a *verbum juris*, a form of speaking on solemn and religious occasions. Livy does the like. Note also, that Dido puts herself into the *habitus Gabinus*, which was the girding herself round with one sleeve of her vest; which is also according to the Roman pontifical, in this dreadful ceremony, as Livy has observed; which is a further confirmation of this conjecture. So that, upon the whole matter, Dido only doubts whether she should die before she had taken her revenge, which she rather wished: but, considering that this devoting herself was the most certain and infallible way of compassing her vengeance, she thus exclaims:

Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras!
Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et nostræ secum ferat omina mortis!

Those flames from far may the false Trojan view;
Those boding omens his base flight pursue!

which translation I take to be according to the

[1] Read,

——— *dira detestatio*
Nullâ expiatur victimâ. Epod. v. 89. ED.

sense of Virgil. I should have added a note on that former verse,

Infelix Dido! nunc te fata impia tangunt—

which, in the edition of Heinsius, is thus printed, *nunc te facta impia tangunt?* The word *facta*, instead of *fata*, is reasonably altered: for Virgil says afterwards, she died not by fate, nor by any deserved death—*nec fato meritâ nec morte, peribat, &c.* When I translated that passage, I doubted of the sense, and therefore omitted that hemistich, *nunc te fata impia tangunt.* But Heinsius is mistaken only in making an interrogation-point instead of a period. The words *facta impia*, I suppose, are genuine; for she had perjured herself in her second marriage, having firmly resolved, as she told her sister in the beginning of this Æneïd, never to love again, after the death of her first hnsband; and had confirmed this resolution by a curse on herself, if she should alter it—

Sed mihi vel tellus, optem, prius ima dehiscat, &c.
Ante, pudor, quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam.
Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit: ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

ÆNEID V. A great part of this book is borrowed from Apollonius Rhodius: and the reader may observe the great judgment and distinction of our author in what he borrows from the ancients, by comparing them. I conceive the reason why he omits the horse-race in the funeral games, was because he shows Ascanius afterwards on horseback, with his troops of boys, and would not wear that subject thread-bare, which Statius, in the next age, described so happily. Virgil seems to me to have

excelled Homer in those sports, and to have laboured them the more in honour of Octavius, his patron, who instituted the like games for perpetuating the memory of his uncle Julius; piety, as Virgil calls it, or dutifulness to parents, being a most popular virtue among the Romans.

ÆNEID VI. P. 91, l. 25.

The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally threw their lives away, &c.

Proxima sorte tenent mæsti loca, qui sibi letum
Insontes peperere manu, lucemque perosi,
Projecere animas, &c.

This was taken, amongst many other things, from the tenth book of *Plato de Republicâ:* no commentator, besides Fabrini, has taken notice of it. Self-murder was accounted a great crime by that divine philosopher; but the instances which he brings are too many to be inserted in these short notes. Sir Robert Howard, in his translation of this Æneid, which was printed with his poems in the year 1660, has given us the most learned and the most judicious observations on this book, which are extant in our language [1].

P. 96, l. 8.

Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.

These two verses in English seem very different from the Latin—

Discedam; explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.

Yet they are the sense of Virgil; at least, according to the common interpretation of this place

[1] Sir Robert appears to have printed a version of the fourth book of the Æneid, but without any observations.

—'I will withdraw from your company, retire to the shades, and perform my penance of a thousand years.' But I must confess, the interpretation of those two words, *explebo numerum*, is somewhat violent, if it be thus understood, *minuam numerum;* that is, I will lessen your company by my departure: for Deïphobus, being a ghost, can hardly be said to be of their number. Perhaps the poet means by *explebo numerum, absolvam sententiam;* as if Deïphobus replied to the Sibyl, who was angry at his long visit, 'I will only take my last leave of Æneas, my kinsman and my friend, with one hearty good wish for his health and welfare, and then leave you to prosecute your voyage.' That wish is expressed in the words immediately following, *I, decus, i, nostrum, &c.* which contain a direct answer to what the Sibyl said before, when she upbraided their long discourse, *nos flendo ducimus horas.* This conjecture is new, and therefore left to the discretion of the reader.

P. 103, l. 28.

Know first, that heaven, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, &c.

Principio cœlum, et terras, camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum lunæ, Titaniaque astra, &c.

Here the sun is not expressed, but the moon only, though a less, and also a less radiant, light. Perhaps the copies of Virgil are all false, and that, instead of *Titaniaque astra,* he writ *Titanaque, et astra;* and according to these words I have made my translation. It is most certain that the sun

ought not to be omitted: for he is frequently called the life and soul of the world; and nothing bids so fair for a visible divinity to those who know no better, than that glorious luminary. The Platonists call God the archetypal sun, and the sun the visible deity, the inward vital spirit in the centre of the universe, or that body to which that spirit is united, and by which it exerts itself most powerfully. Now it was the received hypothesis amongst the Pythagoreans, that the sun was situate in the centre of the world. Plato had it from them, and was himself of the same opinion, as appears by a passage in the *Timæus:* from which noble dialogue is this part of Virgil's poem taken.

P. 109, l. 4.

Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd, &c.

Quis te, magne Cato, &c.

There is no question but Virgil here means Cato Major, or the censor. But the name of Cato being also mentioned in the eighth Æneïd, I doubt whether he means the same man in both places. I have said in the preface, that our poet was of republican principles: and have given this for one reason of my opinion, that he praised Cato in that line,

Secretosque pios, his dantem jura Catonem—

and accordingly placed him in the Elysian fields. Montaigne thinks this was Cato the Utican, the great enemy of arbitrary power, and professed foe to Julius Cæsar. Ruæus would persuade us that Virgil meant the censor. But why should the poet name Cato twice, if he intended the same person?

Our author is too frugal of his words and sense, to commit tautologies in either. His memory was not likely to betray him into such an error. Nevertheless, I continue in the same opinion concerning the principles of our poet. He declares them sufficiently in this book, where he praises the first Brutus for expelling the Tarquins, giving liberty to Rome, and putting to death his own children, who conspired to restore tyranny. He calls him only an unhappy man, for being forced to that severe action—

Infelix! utcunque ferent ea facta minores,
Vincet amor patriæ, laudumque immensa cupido.

Let the reader weigh these two verses; and he must be convinced that I am in the right, and that I have not much injured my master in my translation of them.

P. 108, l. 23.

Embrace again, my sons! be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name.

This note, which is out of its proper place, I deferred on purpose, to place it here; because it discovers the principles of our poet more plainly than any of the rest.

Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo:
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!

Anchises here speaks to Julius Cæsar, and commands him first to lay down his arms; which is a plain condemnation of his cause. Yet observe our

poet's incomparable address: for, though he shows himself sufficiently to be a commonwealth's-man; yet, in respect to Augustus, who was his patron, he uses the authority of a parent, in the person of Anchises, who had more right to lay this injunction on Cæsar than on Pompey, because the latter was not of his blood. Thus our author cautiously veils his own opinion, and takes sanctuary under Anchises; as if that ghost would have laid the same command on Pompey also, had he been lineally descended from him. What could be more judiciously contrived, when this was the Æneïd which he chose to read before his master?

P. 111, l. 4.

A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.

In Virgil thus:

Tu Marcellus eris.

How unpoetically and badly had this been translated, '*Thou shalt Marcellus be!*' Yet some of my friends were of opinion that I mistook the sense of Virgil in my translation. The French interpreter observes nothing on this place, but that it appears by it, the mourning of Octavia was yet fresh for the loss of her son Marcellus, whom she had by her first husband, and who died in the year *ab urbe conditâ*, 731; and collects from thence that Virgil, reading this Æneïd before her in the same year, had just finished it; that, from this time to that of the poet's death, was little more than four years: so that, supposing him to have written the whole Æneïs in eleven years, the first six books must have taken up seven of those years; on which

account, the six last must of necessity be less correct.

Now, for the false judgment of my friends, there is but this little to be said for them; the words of Virgil, in the verse preceding, are these,

——— *Siquâ fata aspera rumpas*—

as if the poet had meant, 'if you break through your hard destiny, so as to be born, you shall be called Marcellus:' but this cannot be the sense: for, though Marcellus was born, yet he broke not through those hard decrees, which doomed him to so immature a death. Much less can Virgil mean, 'you shall be the same Marcellus by the transmigration of his soul:' for, according to the system of our author, a thousand years must be first elapsed, before the soul can return into a human body; but the first Marcellus was slain in the second Punic war; and how many hundred years were yet wanting to the accomplishing his penance, may with ease be gathered by computing the time betwixt Scipio and Augustus. By which it is plain, that Virgil cannot mean the same Marcellus; but one of his descendants, whom I call a new Marcellus; who so much resembled his ancestor, (perhaps in his features and his person, but certainly in his military virtues) that Virgil cries out, *quantum instar in ipso est!* which I have translated,

How like the former, and almost the same;

P. 111, l. 18.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn.

Virgil borrowed this imagination from Homer;

Odysses xix. line 562. The translation gives the reason, why true prophetic dreams are said to pass through the gate of horn, by adding the epithet *transparent*, which is not in Virgil, whose words are only these:

> *Sunt geminæ Somni portæ, quarum altera fertur*
> *Cornea———*

What is pervious to the sight is clear; and (alluding to this property) the poet infers such dreams are of divine revelation. Such as pass through the ivory gate, are of the contrary nature—polished lies. But there is a better reason to be given: for the ivory alludes to the teeth, the horn to the eyes. What we see is more credible, than what we only hear; that is, words that pass through the portal of the mouth, or '*hedge of the teeth:*' which is Homer's expression for *speaking*.

ÆNEID VII. P. 115, l. 32.

Strange to relate! the flames, involv'd in smoke, &c.

Virgil, in this place, takes notice of a great secret in the Roman divination: the lambent fires, which rose above the head, or played about it, were signs of prosperity: such were those which he observed in the second Æneïd, which were seen mounting from the crown of Ascanius—

> *Ecce, levis summo de vertice visus Iüli*
> *Fundere lumen apex.*

Smoky flames (or involved in smoke) were of a mixed omen: such were those which are here described; for smoke signifies tears, because it produces them; and flames, happiness. And therefore

Virgil says, that this ostent was not only *mirabile visu*, but *horrendum*.

P. 123, l. 25.

One only daughter heirs my crown and state.

This has seemed to some an odd passage: that a king should offer his daughter and heir to a stranger prince and a wanderer, before he had seen him, and when he had only heard of his arrival on his coasts. But these critics have not well considered the simplicity of former times, when the heroines almost courted the marriage of illustrious men. Yet Virgil here observes the rule of decency: Lavinia offers not herself; it is Latinus who propounds the match; and he had been foretold, both by an augur and an oracle, that he should have a foreign son-in-law, who was also a hero;—fathers, in those ancient ages, considering birth and virtue, more than fortune, in the placing of their daughters; which I could prove by various examples: the contrary of which being now practised, I dare not say in our nation, but in France, has not a little darkened the lustre of their nobility. That Lavinia was averse to this marriage, and for what reason, I shall prove in its proper place.

P. 143, l. 11.

——— And where Abella sees,
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.

I observe that Virgil names not Nola, which was not far distant from Abella; perhaps, because that city (the same in which Augustus died afterwards) had once refused to give him entertainment, if we

may believe the author of his life. Homer heartily curses another city which had used him in the same manner: but our author thought his silence of the Nolans a sufficient correction. When a poet passes by a place or person, though a fair occasion offers of remembering them, it is a sign he is, or thinks himself, much disobliged.

ÆNEID VIII. P. 148, l. 22.

So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light, &c.

This similitude is literally taken from Apollonius Rhodius; and it is hard to say whether the original or the translation excels. But, in the shield which he describes afterwards in this Æneid, he as much transcends his master Homer, as the arms of Glaucus were richer than those of Diomedes—Χρυσεα χαλκειων.

P. 151, l. 1.

Æneas takes the mother and her brood;
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The translation is infinitely short of Virgil, whose words are these:

Tibi enim, *tibi maxima Juno,*
Mactat, sacra ferens, et cum grege sistit ad aram—

for I could not turn the word *enim* into English with any grace, though it was of such necessity in the Roman rites, that a sacrifice could not be performed without it. It is of the same nature (if I may presume to name that sacred mystery) in our words of consecration at the altar.

ÆNEID IX. P. 31, l. 15.

At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.

The first of these lines is all of monosyllables, and both verses are very rough; but of choice; for it had been easy for me to have smoothed them. But either my ear deceives me, or they express the thing which I intended in their sound: for the stress of a bow which is drawn to the full extent, is expressed in the harshness of the first verse, clogged not only with monosyllables, but with consonants: and these words, '*the tough yew*,' which conclude the second line, seem as forceful, as they are unharmonious. Homer and Virgil are both frequent in their adapting sounds to the thing they signify. One example will serve for both; because Virgil borrowed the following verses from Homer's Odysses.

Una Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.

Συν δ' Ευρος τε, Νοτος τ' επεσεν, Ζεφυρος τε δυσαης,
Και Βορης αιθρηγενετης, μεγα κυμα κυλινδων.

Our language is not often capable of these beauties; though sometimes I have copied them; of which these verses are an instance.

P. 38, l. 27.

—— His ample shield
Is falsified, and round with javelins fill'd.

When I read this Æneïd to many of my friends in company together, most of them quarrelled at

the word *falsified*, as an innovation in our language. The fact is confessed; for I remember not to have read it in any English author; though perhaps it may be found in Spenser's Fairy Queen; but, suppose it be not there, why am I forbidden to borrow from the Italian (a polished language) the word which is wanting in my native tongue? Terence has often Grecised: Lucretius has followed his example; and pleaded for it—

Sic quia me cogit patrii sermonis egestas.

Virgil has confirmed it by his frequent practice; and even Cicero in prose, wanting terms of philosophy in the Latin tongue, has taken them from Aristotle's Greek. Horace has given us a rule for coining words, *si Græco fonte cadant;* especially when other words are joined with them, which explain the sense. I use the word *falsify* in this place, to mean that the shield of Turnus was not of proof against the spears and javelins of the Trojans, which had pierced it through and through (as we say) in many places. The words which accompany this new one, make my meaning plain, according to the precept which Horace gave. But I said I borrowed the word from the Italian. *Vide* Ariosto, Cant. 26.

Ma sì l' usbergo d' ambi era perfetto,
Che mai poter falsarlo in nessun canto.

Falsar cannot otherwise be turned, than by *falsified;* for '*his shield was falsed*,' is not English. I might indeed have contented myself with saying, his shield was pierced, and bored, and stuck with

javelins; *nec sufficit umbo ictibus.* They who will not admit a new word, may take the old: the matter is not worth dispute.

ÆNEID X. P. 49, l. 32.

A choir of Nereids, &c.

These were transformed from ships to sea-nymphs. This is almost as violent a machine, as the death of Aruns by a goddess in the episode of Camilla. But the poet makes use of it with greater art; for here it carries on the main design. These new-made divinities not only tell Æneas what had passed in his camp during his absence, and what was the present distress of his besieged people, and that his horsemen, whom he had sent by land, were ready to join him at his descent; but warn him to provide for battle the next day, and foretel him good success: so that this episodical machine is properly a part of the great poem; for, besides what I have said, they push on his navy with celestial vigour, that it might reach the port more speedily, and take the enemy more unprovided to resist the landing: whereas the machine relating to Camilla is only ornamental; for it has no effect, which I can find, but to please the reader, who is concerned that her death should be revenged.

P. 47, l. 29.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing.

The poet here begins to tell the names of the Tuscan captains who followed Æneas to the war:

and I observe him to be very particular in the description of their persons, and not forgetful of their manners; exact also in the relation of the numbers which each of them command. I doubt not but, as, in the fifth book, he gave us the names of the champions who contended for the several prizes, that he might oblige many of the most ancient Roman families, their descendants:—and as, in the seventh book, he mustered the auxiliary forces of the Latins on the same account, so here he gratifies his Tuscan friends with the like remembrance of their ancestors; and, above the rest, Mæcenas, his great patron, who, being of a royal family in Etruria, was probably represented under one of the names here mentioned, then known among the Romans, though, at so great a distance, unknown to us. And, for his sake chiefly, as I guess, he makes Æneas (by whom he always means Augustus) to seek for aid in the country of Mæcenas; thereby to endear his protector to his emperor, as if there had been a former friendship betwixt their lines. And who knows, but Mæcenas might pretend that the Cilnian family was derived from Tarchon, the chief commander of the Tuscans?

P. 60, l. 21.

Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.

I have mentioned this passage in my preface to the Æneïs, to prove that Fate was superior to the gods, and that Jove could neither defer nor alter its decrees. Sir Robert Howard has since been pleased to send me the concurrent testimony of Ovid: it is in the last book of his Metamorphoses,

where Venus complains that her descendant, Julius Cæsar, was in danger of being murdered by Brutus and Cassius, at the head of the commonwealth-faction, and desires [*the gods*] to prevent that barbarous assassination. They are moved to compassion; they are concerned for Cæsar; but the poet plainly tells us, that it was not in their power to change destiny. All they could do, was to testify their sorrow for his approaching death, by foreshowing it with signs and prodigies, as appears by the following lines—

Talia necquidquam toto Venus anxia cœlo
Verba jacit; superosque movet: qui rumpere quamquam
Ferrea non possunt veterum decreta sororum,
Signa tamen luctûs dant haud incerta futuri.

Then she addresses to her father Jupiter, hoping aid from him, because he was thought omnipotent. But he, it seems, could do as little as the rest; for he answers thus:

——————— sola insuperabile Fatum,
Nata, movere paras? Intres licet ipsa sororum
Tecta trium; cernes illic, molimine vasto,
Ex ære et solido rerum tabularia ferro,
Quæ neque concursum cœli, neque fulminis iram,
Nec metuunt ullas, tuta atque æterna, ruinas.
Invenies illic, incisa adamante perenni,
Fata tui generis. Legi ipse, animoque notavi;
Et referam, ne sis etiamnum ignara futuri.
Hic sua complevit (pro quo, Cytherea, laboras)
Tempora, perfectis, quos terræ debuit, annis, &c.

Jupiter, you see, is only library-keeper, or *custos rotulorum*, to the Fates: for he offers his daughter a cast of his office, to give her a sight of

their decrees, which the inferior gods were not permitted to read without his leave. This agrees with what I have said already in the preface; that they, not having seen the records, might believe they were his own hand-writing, and consequently at his own disposing, either to blot out or alter, as he saw convenient: and of this opinion was Juno in those words, *tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas.* Now the abode of those Destinies being in hell, we cannot wonder why the swearing by Styx was an inviolable oath amongst the gods of heaven, and that Jupiter himself should fear to be accused of forgery by the Fates, if he altered any thing in their decrees: Chaos, Night, and Erebus, being the most ancient of the deities, and instituting those fundamental laws, by which he was afterwards to govern. Hesiod gives us the genealogy of the gods; and I think I may safely infer the rest. I will only add, that Homer was more a fatalist than Virgil: for it has been observed that the word Τυχη, or *Fortune,* is not to be found in his two poems; but instead of it, always Μοιρα.

ÆNEID XII. P. 125, l. 21.

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.

Amata, ever partial to the cause of Turnus, had just before desired him, with all manner of earnestness, not to engage his rival in single fight; which was his present resolution. Virgil, though (in favour of his hero) he never tells us directly that Lavinia preferred Turnus to Æneas, yet has insinuated this preference twice before. For mark, in

the seventh Æneid, she left her father (who had promised her to Æneas without asking her consent), and followed her mother into the woods, with a troop of Bacchanals, where Amata sung the marriage-song, in the name of Turnus; which, if she had disliked, she might have opposed. Then, in the eleventh Æneïd, when her mother went to the temple of Pallas, to invoke her aid against Æneas, (whom she calls by no better name than *Phrygius prædo*) Lavinia sits by her in the same chair or litter, *juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo—oculos dejecta decoros.* What greater sign of love, than fear and concernment for the lover? In the lines which I have quoted, she not only sheds tears, but changes colour. She had been bred up with Turnus; and Æneas was wholly a stranger to her. Turnus, in probability, was her first love, and favoured by her mother, who had the ascendant over her father. But I am much deceived, if (besides what I have said) there be not a secret satire against the sex, which is lurking under this description of Virgil, who seldom speaks well of women—better indeed of Camilla, than any other—for he commends her beauty and valour—because he would concern the reader for her death. But valour is no very proper praise for womankind; and beauty is common to the sex. He says also somewhat of Andromache, but transiently: and his Venus is a better mother than a wife; for she owns to Vulcan she had a son by another man. The rest are Junos, Dianas, Didos, Amatas, two mad prophetesses, three Harpies on earth, and as many Furies under ground. This fable of Lavinia includes a secret moral; that women, in their choice of husbands, prefer the

younger of their suitors to the elder; are insensible of merit, fond of handsomeness, and (generally speaking) rather hurried away by their appetite, than governed by their reason.

P. 147, l. 1.

> Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
> The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.

The poet had said, in the preceding lines, that Mnestheus, Serestus, and Asylas, led on the Trojans, the Tuscans, and the Arcadians: but none of the printed copies, which I have seen, mention any leader of the Rutulians and Latins, but Messapus the son of Neptune. Ruæus takes notice of this passage, and seems to wonder at it; but gives no reason, why Messapus is alone without a coadjutor.

The four verses of Virgil run thus:

> *Totæ adeo conversæ acies, omnesque Latini,*
> *Omnes Dardanidæ; Mnestheus, acerque Serestus,*
> *Et Messapus equûm domitor, et fortis Asylas,*
> *Tuscorumque phalanx, Evandrique Arcades alæ.*

I doubt not but the third line was originally thus,

> *Et Messapus equûm domitor, et fortis Atinas:*

for the two names of Asylas and Atinas are so like, that one might easily be mistaken for the other by the transcribers. And, to fortify this opinion, we find afterward, in the relation of Saces to Turnus, that Atinas is joined with Messapus.

> *Soli, pro portis, Messapus et acer Atinas*
> *Sustentant aciem—*

In general I observe, not only in this Æneïd, but in all the six last books, that Æneas is never seen on horseback; and but once before, as I remember, in the fourth, when he hunts with Dido. The reason of this, if I guess aright, was a secret compliment which the poet made to his countrymen the Romans, the strength of whose armies consisted most in foot; which, I think, were all Romans and Italians. But their wings or squadrons were made up of their allies, who were foreigners.

P. 158, l. 23.

This let me beg, (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land, &c.

The words in the original are these,

Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum.

Virgil very artfully uses here the word *majestas*, which the Romans loved so well, that they appropriated it to themselves—*Majestas populi Romani.* This title, applied to kings, is very modern; and that is all I will say of it at present, though the word requires a larger note. In the word *tuorum* is included the sense of my translation, '*Your father's land*,' because Saturn, the father of Jove, had governed that part of Italy, after his expulsion from Crete. But that on which I most insist, is the address of the poet, in this speech of Juno. Virgil was sufficiently sensible, as I have said in the preface, that whatever the common opinion was, concerning the descent of the Romans from the Trojans, yet the ancient customs, rites, laws, and habits of those Trojans were wholly lost, and

perhaps also that they had never been: and, for this reason, he introduces Juno in this place, requesting of Jupiter that no memory might remain of Troy (the town she hated), that the people hereafter should not be called Trojans, nor retain any thing which belonged to their predecessors. And why might not this also be concerted betwixt our author and his friend Horace, to hinder Augustus from rebuilding Troy, and removing thither the seat of empire, a design so unpleasing to the Romans? But of this I am not positive, because I have not consulted Dacier, and the rest of the critics, to ascertain the time in which Horace writ the ode relating to that subject.

P. 159, l. 22.

Deep in the dismal regions void of light,
Three daughters, at a birth, were born to Night.

The father of these (not here mentioned) was Acheron: the names of the three were Alecto, Megæra, and Tisiphone. They were called Furies in hell, on earth Harpies, and in heaven Diræ. Two of these assisted at the throne of Jupiter, and were employed by him to punish the wickedness of mankind. These two must be Megæra and Tisiphone—not Alecto; for Juno expressly commands her to return to hell, from whence she came: and gives this reason;

Te super ætherias errare licentius auras
Haud pater ipse velit, summi regnator Olympi.
Cede locis.

Probably this Dira, unnamed by the poet in this place, might be Tisiphone; for though we find

her in hell, in the sixth Æneïd, employed in the punishment of the damned,

> *Continuo sontes ultrix, accincta flagello,*
> *Tisiphone quatit insultans, &c.*

yet afterwards she is on earth in the tenth Æneïd, and amidst the battle,

> *Pallida Tisiphone media inter millia sævit—*

which I guess to be Tisiphone, the rather, by the etymology of her name, which is compounded of τιω *ulciscor*, and φονος *cædes;* part of her errand being to affright Turnus with the stings of a guilty conscience, and denounce vengeance against him for breaking the first treaty, by refusing to yield Lavinia to Æneas, to whom she was promised by her father—and, consequently, for being the author of an unjust war; and also for violating the second treaty, by declining the single combat, which he had stipulated with his rival, and called the gods to witness before their altars. As for the names of the Harpies (so called on earth), Hesiod tells us they were Iris, Aëllo, and Ocypete. Virgil calls one of them Celæno; this, I doubt not, was Alecto, whom Virgil calls, in the third Æneïd, *Furiarum maxima*, and in the sixth again by the same name—*Furiarum maxima juxta Accubat.* That she was the chief of the Furies, appears by her description in the seventh Æneïd; to which, for haste, I refer the reader.

FINIS.

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